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The American Mercury

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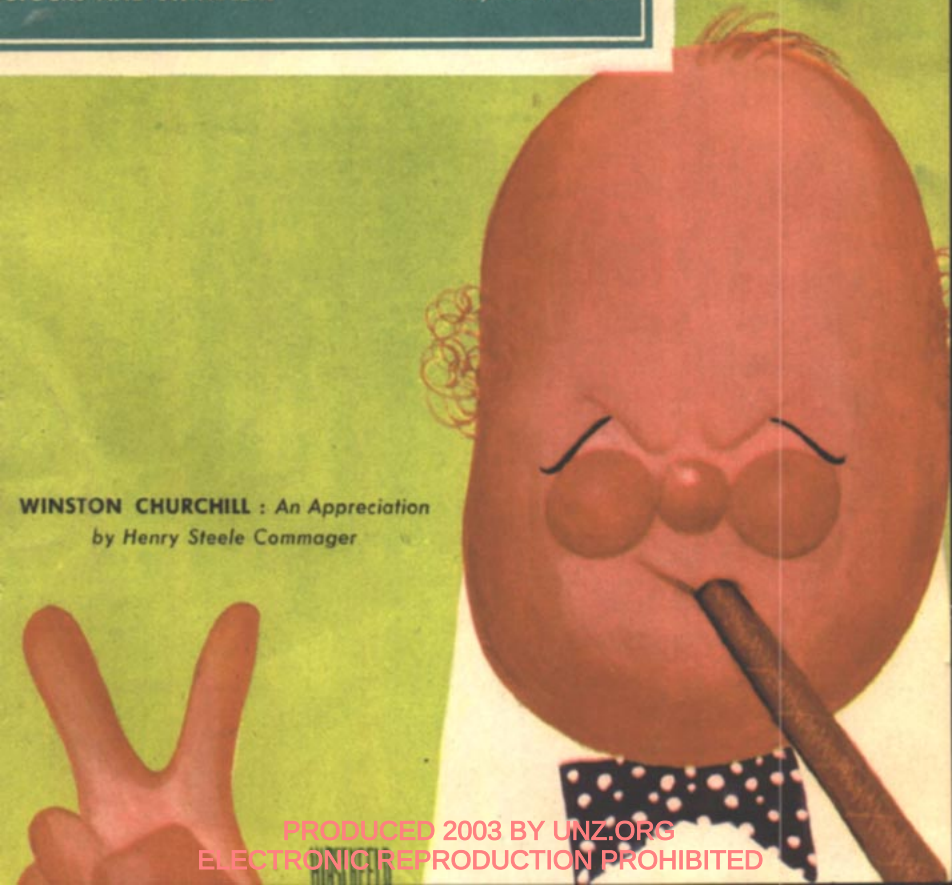
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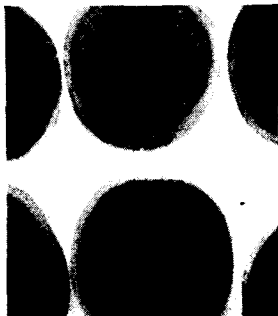
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COVER (Winston Churchill) by Hirschfeld

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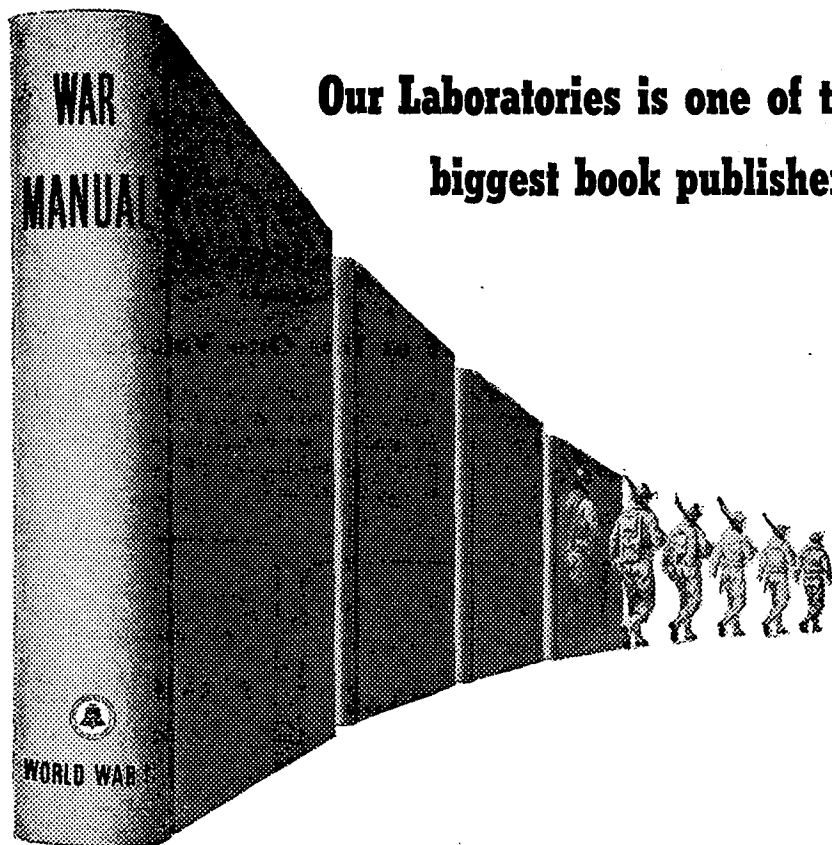
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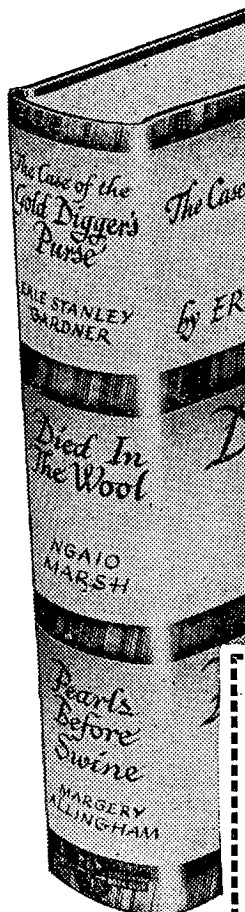
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WINSTON CHURCHILL: AN APPRECIATION

BY HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Fiel pero desdichado — faithful but unfortunate: that was the motto which Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great Duke, selected for the Churchill family almost three hundred years ago. And up to that day when Hitler launched his armies against Poland, critics everywhere were saying how well the present Winston Churchill lived up to the family motto. He had, to be sure, held more high offices than any other British statesman of his generation. But he had never been Prime Minister and now there was no chance that he ever would be. He had missed the boat. And not for the first time.

As early as 1917 a journalist wrote a book on *The Tragedy of Winston Churchill*, and thereafter for two dec-

ades his life was used to point a sad moral and adorn a sober tale. He was impetuous and unpredictable; he was stronger on character than on judgment; he was an adventurer, a soldier-of-fortune, a trouble-maker; he was too much like his father, the ill-starred Lord Randolph Churchill. He would not fit into the smooth grooves of English politics; he would not stay put; he would not adapt himself to the changing tides of public opinion. He had forced himself upon government after government because his undeniable talents were needed. Now his usefulness was past. Who could doubt that he was unfortunate?

But even in Churchill's lean years no one doubted his faithfulness to those grand principles of politics and

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER is professor of history at Columbia University and a member of the War Department's Committee on the History of the War. He is the author of *Majority Rule and Minority Rights*, *Theodore Parker*, and the co-author of *The Growth of the American Republic and America: The Story of a Free People*.

of morals which he had from the beginning espoused. And it was his faithfulness that made him the logical and inevitable leader when, in May 1940, Hitler hurled his might against the West. For eight dreary years he had been ignored and almost condemned — by the confused MacDonald, by the unimaginative Baldwin, by the complacent Chamberlain and by the rank and file of his own Party. For a time indulged, he came in the end to be regarded as something of a nuisance, then as a danger. Yet he would not be silenced. Month after month, year after year, he lifted his voice in solemn warning against the menace from the totalitarian militarists, against the breakdown of international security, against the policy of drift and of appeasement. Almost alone, of the major figures in British politics, he saw the nature of the danger which was rising on the Continent; almost alone and desperately, he recalled Britain to her duty and her honor. Never was he more ignored than in the fateful years of 1938 and 1939 when the crisis which he had so long foreseen finally burst upon a shocked and bewildered Britain. With Prague, Chamberlain awoke to the danger, reorganized his cabinet and speeded rearmament. But even then there was no room for the prophet who had proved so terrifyingly right.

Yet even Chamberlain's purblind folly could not maintain a permanent barrier against Winston Churchill, and on that solemn day when the Prime Minister announced to the world that

Britain had gone to war, word went out that Churchill was back at the Admiralty. And when, eight months later, the collapse of the gallant but desperate Norwegian venture shook popular confidence in the ability of the Chamberlain government to wage war at all, it was to Churchill that the King, the Commons and the people turned. In its hour of mortal peril, Britain could not manage without him.

He had always been a man for crises: his life, for half a century, was a perpetual crisis. He was made for action, for danger, for back-to-the-wall fights. His grim bull-dog look was a reassurance, his sonorous voice like a great bell calling men to battle. His whole life had been a battle — on the field of war and in the political arena. Men remembered now how he had fought in the jungles of Cuba, in the mountains of India, along the gleaming Nile, on the plains of South Africa, at the front in Belgium and in France. They remembered that he had fought, with equal passion and gaiety, in a score of hotly contested elections, in the House of Commons, in half a dozen administrations. They knew that a quarter of a century ago he had been First Lord of the Admiralty and that when war came, the fleet was ready. They knew that in the dark hour of that war he had taken over the task of the mobilization of industry, and that supplies had flowed to the front. They recalled that he had sponsored the tank and fought for the airplane; they wondered now whether

their judgment of the Gallipoli venture might not have been mistaken. They knew that he had never failed them; that he would not fail them now.

Britain knew this; America realized it only dimly. To the average American, Churchill was but a name — often in the news, to be sure, but then there were so many names in the news. If his memory went back to the last war, he recalled, somewhat vaguely, that Churchill was responsible for the Gallipoli disaster and had received the sack. If he had followed British politics in the twenties and thirties, he knew that Churchill had fought Bolshevism, had changed parties, had helped break the general strike, had opposed disarmament, had played the rôle — as unpopular here as in Britain — of Cassandra. He may have heard one of Churchill's American lectures; he may have read one of his syndicated articles — and neatly tagged Churchill as a journalist.

Few, indeed, realized that of all English statesmen Churchill was the most experienced; of all war leaders the best equipped. Few knew how long he had been in public life, how varied had been his experience, how marvelously fitted he was by that experience to confront and overcome the dangers that now threatened his "ancient and famous island," how skilled he was in warfare on land and sea and in the air, how versed in European and world politics, how familiar with American. Few appreciated the range of vision and depth of under-

standing, the fortitude, eloquence and magnanimity that the fiery trial of war was to reveal. Yet there was nothing mysterious about all this. The record was plain enough.

II

Churchill's whole life was a preparation for the rôle he was to play in this greatest of world crises. His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was a great aristocrat; he was, at the same time, the eloquent spokesman of Tory Democracy. From him young Winston heard, again and again, the admonition: "Trust the people." Brilliant, eloquent, unpredictable, something of a lone wolf, something of a prima donna, Lord Randolph's life promised everything and achieved mostly frustration. Before he was forty, he was Chancellor of the Exchequer; he resigned in pique and was never recalled. Within a few years he was dead, the promise of his genius unfulfilled. Scarcely a decade later, the son, whom he had never really known, was to raise again "the tattered banner which he found lying on a stricken field," and to dip it, in honor of his father. He has never forgotten that father: his aristocratic *noblesse oblige*, his faith in the plain people of Britain, his passionate feeling for the Empire.

Churchill was always a "young man in a hurry." It was an un-British quality, but then Churchill is only half British. His mother was an American, the dazzling Jennie Jerome, brilliant, elegant, tempestuous: when

Churchill addressed the American Congress, in December 1941, he observed, "If my father had been American and my mother British, instead of the other way around, I might have got here on my own." He came into the world prematurely; he hurried into the Army and into Parliament; he has always been hammering against the gates of destiny. When he first reached India, he was in such a hurry to land that he wrenched his shoulder pulling on the landing-ladder; this interfered seriously with polo, but his team nevertheless managed to win the all-India championship. In South Africa he got himself captured, but he hurried quickly out of that in one of the famous escapes of British military annals. On a black day in October 1914, when the Germans threatened to break through the Belgian defenses and roll the British up against the Channel, Churchill rushed over to Antwerp. A journalist described his arrival:

Before the car had fairly come to a stop the door was thrown open and out jumped a smooth-faced, sandy-haired, youthful looking man in undress Trinity House uniform. As he charged into the jammed lobby he flung his arms out in a nervous characteristic gesture, as though pushing his way through a crowd. It was a most spectacular entrance, and reminded me for all the world of a scene in a melodrama, where the hero dashes up bareheaded on a foam-flecked horse and saves the heroine.

He had begun his career as a soldier before he was out of his teens, taking the Army Course at Harrow, and — he didn't know enough Greek to get

into Oxford anyway — heading straight for Sandhurst, the British West Point. As soon as he had completed his training there, he was off for a spot of adventure in Cuba. Then, like so many young subalterns, he sailed for India — the India which Kipling was making so romantic, and which Churchill found equally romantic. It was all like a Henty story, or perhaps one by Richard Harding Davis: drilling, polo, interludes of campaigning, dashing cavalry charges, hairbreadth escapes, the Union Jack fluttering triumphant in the breeze.

There was fighting enough, and much of it was grim business. He was with the Malakand Field Force and the Tirah Expeditionary Force in the mountains of northern India; he was with the 21st Lancers in Kitchener's Nile Expeditionary Force, and in the thick of the famous cavalry charge at Omdurman. With the outbreak of the Boer troubles, he headed for South Africa, was captured by a soldier named Louis Botha, made a spectacular escape, fought at the relief of Ladysmith and returned in triumph to Pretoria. He went home, at twenty-six, a national hero, and was returned by an admiring constituency to Parliament — where he has been, with minor interruptions, ever since.

He should have had his bellyful of fighting, but like our own T.R. he was drawn irresistibly to the battlefield. During the first World War he left the Admiralty to rush to the defense of Antwerp, and found it so thrilling that he wanted to resign the

Admiralty for an army command. Asquith wouldn't let him, then. But a year later, after the Gallipoli campaign had misfired, Asquith was glad enough to get rid of him. Churchill hurried to France, took a majority with the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, fought in the front lines, won his promotion to a colonelcy in command of the 6th Royal Scot Fusiliers, had half a dozen narrow escapes, and learned that modern war was very different from the picture-book campaigns in India and the Soudan. Once, during a heavy bombardment, he took two visiting generals to the front line. "This is very dangerous," said one of them. "Indeed, this is a very dangerous war," Churchill replied.

It was all part of his education, and he proved a marvelously apt pupil. From the beginning he had been a student of war as well as a participant. From the earliest days in India his indefatigable pen was never idle; he fought by day and wrote by night; he was the unofficial historian of every campaign, and, after a time, one got the uneasy feeling that the whole thing had been arranged just for his benefit.

First came *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*, which happily won the approval of Prime Minister Salisbury. The fighting in the Soudan was recorded in *The River War*—a masterly study that foreshadowed in style and technique the monumental volumes of later years. By the time of the Boer War young Churchill was one of the highest paid correspondents

in the world, and out of his despatches from the front came two thrilling volumes. He was a close student of tactics, of strategy and of weapons, and his prescience came to be almost legendary.

As early as 1911 he submitted a secret memorandum on the German invasion of France, concluding that not until the fortieth day could the French successfully counter-attack. The war-office—which had figured out that a mere nine days would suffice—dismissed it as "silly"; in 1914 it proved uncannily accurate. Again, during the battle of the Somme, when British headquarters estimated German losses at not less than 130,000, Churchill countered with an estimate of 65,000. The correct figure proved to be about 60,000, and the whole elaborate analysis was later used for study in the War College.

Furthermore, Winston Churchill was the first to sponsor the tank—when no one else would bother with it—and saw it turn the tide in the first World War. He early advocated the creation of an air force, learned to fly, and became, appropriately enough, first Minister for Air.

He saw war on the battlefield and came to appreciate the point of view of the soldier. He saw it from his post in the Cabinet and understood it from the point of view of the statesman and the diplomat. He was first Lord of the Admiralty; he was Minister of Munitions; he was Secretary of State for War. And when the first World War was over, he surveyed it in what is the

most masterly of all personal accounts:
The World Crisis.

What other war leader of our time
has had a better training for war?

III

Even those who were inclined to dismiss Churchill as a soldier-of-fortune are now ready to concede his surpassing talents as strategist, to admit that he is the greatest of war leaders. But many still wonder whether his very genius for making war does not unfit him for the tasks of peace. They remember that he is chairman of the Conservative Party — and label him a Tory; they remember that he repudiated the suggestion that he should liquidate the British Empire — and label him an Imperialist. They wonder whether he has the skill and temperament for peacetime administration.

Churchill's political experience has been broader and more extensive even than his military — broader and more extensive, indeed, than that of any other political figure in the English-speaking world. "I am a child of the House of Commons," he told the American Congress, and for over forty years he has been a member of that most ancient and powerful of all legislative bodies. During these years he has successively been Secretary for the Colonies, Home Secretary, President of the Board of Trade, First Lord of the Admiralty, Minister of Munitions, Secretary for War, Minister for Air, Chancellor of the Exchequer — and finally Minister for Defense and

Prime Minister. No English statesman since Gladstone has had such a record.

The record is impressive enough; yet there are some who are stubbornly unimpressed. Churchill's very virtuosity induces suspicion. He started his political career as a Conservative, went over to the Liberals, joined the war-time coalition government, abandoned both parties and stood as a Constitutionalist, went back to the Conservative fold: obviously there is no pinning the man down.

He is the despair of the pigeonholers, the labelers and the taggers, of those who really believe that

Every little boy and girl who's born into
this world alive

Is either a little Liberal or a little Conservative.

As they hear him now, denouncing Socialism and celebrating private enterprise, they wish to pin on him the label "Tory," and they shake their heads in discouragement over a man who cannot understand the revolution of our time. One might suppose that he kept Spencer's *Social Statics* by his bedside, or that he would find himself happy in the company of Herbert Hoover. He should not have found it necessary to remind us, two years ago, that back in 1907 he had set William Beveridge the task of working out an elaborate scheme of social services. As President of the Board of Trade he pushed through the Miners' Hours Bill, the Small Holdings Bill, the Old Age Pensions Bill, the Education Bill; established labor exchanges; inaugurated courts of

industrial conciliation; fought the protective tariff. "We want a government," he said — and it sounded alarmingly like William J. Bryan — "that will think a little more about the toilers at the bottom of the mine and a little less about the fluctuations of the share market in London. We want a government which will think the conditions of a slum in an English city not less worthy of the attention of statesmen and Parliament than the jungle of Somaliland." And in 1909, when Americans were turning from Roosevelt to Taft, he recommended the establishment of "minimum standards of life and labor" and warned his constituents "not to be scared in discussing any of these proposals, just because some old woman comes along and tells you they are Socialistic. . . ."

Nor was all this but youthful folly or the influence of the dazzling Lloyd George. Americans know that Franklin Roosevelt did not sacrifice any of the essential New Deal reforms under the stress of war, but they are not surprised that he failed to extend them. Yet the Churchill government — in a period of incomparably greater crisis — has pushed through the most far-reaching program of social and economic reform in English history. Credit goes, to be sure, to Beveridge, to Butler, to Anderson and other members of the government. But after all it is Churchill's government. He is responsible for its program and deserves major credit for its achievements.

Throughout his life, it is clear that

Churchill has cherished the paternal admonition, "Trust the people." It was this confidence in the common people of Britain that sustained him in 1940, at the hour of greatest peril. And this confidence was amply justified and richly repaid. Who that was in Britain during the trying days of the blitz, during the months when fear of invasion hung heavy over the island, can forget that outpouring of faith and loyalty from the people of the burned-out cities whenever Churchill appeared? "Good old Winnie." "You won't let us down, Winnie."

IV

But what of his imperialism? "I have not become His Majesty's First Minister in order to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire," he said at the Lord Mayor's lunch, and all America reeled with the shock as if Clive and Hastings had reappeared. Curiously enough, the Empire didn't seem to mind. Assuredly Churchill believes in the Empire — and how wonderfully his belief has been vindicated in this war! But he believes in an Empire founded on common values, inspired by common loyalties — an Empire bound together by sentiment and mutual advantage, not by force. It was Churchill, after all, who put through the Transvaal Constitution, laying the foundation for the present Union of South Africa. It was Churchill who, almost twenty years later, worked out the solution of the Irish problem — if indeed that prob-

lem can be said to have a solution. It was Churchill who during the height of the U-boat menace scrupulously respected Irish neutrality: how many Americans would have been equally scrupulous of Cuban neutrality if the Nazis had controlled the northern coast of South America?

There is no doubt that Churchill is an imperialist. He believes in the union of the English-speaking peoples, and is even willing to be "mixed up" with the Americans "for mutual and general advantage." He sees the British Empire as the greatest and most effective international organization in history. It is the one international organization which persists. It is the one international organization which works: Those who wish to inaugurate the new world organization by smashing the only successful one in existence might well hearken to Churchill's boast:

Three years ago [he said in 1943], all over the world, friend and foe alike — every-one who had not the eye of faith — might well have deemed our speedy ruin was at hand. Against the triumphant might of Hitler, with the greedy Italians at his tail, we stood alone with resources so slender that one shudders to enumerate them even now. Then surely was the moment for the Empire to break up, for each of its widely dispersed communities to seek safety on the winning side, for those who thought themselves oppressed to throw off their yoke. Then was the time. But what happened?

It was proved that the bonds which unite us, though supple as elastic, are stronger than the tensest steel. Then it was proved that they were the bonds of the spirit and not of the flesh, and thus

could rise superior to most tempting allurements of surrender and the harshest threats of doom. In that dark, terrific, but also glorious hour we received from all parts of His Majesty's Dominions . . . the assurance that we would all go down or come through together. You will forgive me if . . . I rejoice in the soundness of our institutions and proclaim my faith in our destiny.

His concern for the integrity of the Empire has unquestionably given a conservative — some would say an astigmatic — slant to his view of world politics. He who fought in India and Africa has never failed to appreciate the importance to Britain of her lifeline to the Far East, and this has colored his view of the Mediterranean, the Suez, Egypt and India. Confronted with the threat of Japan, he took a firm — even a stubborn — stand on the question of the independence of India. To many Americans, safely distant from that problem and happily ignorant of its complexities, his Indian policy seemed chauvinistic. Yet it was during his administration that Sir Stafford Cripps made his notable offer to the Indian Congress. Again, Churchill's hostility to Communism was ardent, almost convulsive, and in his *Great Contemporaries* he reserved his most vitriolic denunciation not for William II but for Trotsky. Yet in June 1941 he unhesitatingly ranged himself by the side of Russia, and he has never failed his commitments there nor permitted even a hint of that hostility which pervades the pages of many issues of our own Congressional Record.

His hostility to the Spanish Loyalists and his acquiescence in the Franco régime are perhaps the most regrettable of his gestures toward conservatism and legitimacy. We may grieve at his indiscretion, but unless we are ready to indict our own State Department we can scarcely find him guilty of more serious error. There are other things, too, that grieve some of his admirers: the cheerful acceptance of a decoration for fighting with the Spanish forces during the Cuban Revolution, the celebration of the virtues of Alfonso XIII, the temporary acceptance — admiration is too strong a word — of Mussolini, the support of the House of Savoy. But all these things spring from a consistent and coherent philosophy of empire and of politics. And who now, looking back over the events of the past six years, can say with assurance that that philosophy was wrong?

V

During a lifetime filled with action and with public service, Churchill has found time for a literary career as well. Denied the advantages of Oxford, he managed somehow to educate himself. As a subaltern at Bangalore he pored over the stately volumes of Gibbon and Macaulay, worked his way through Plato and Aristotle, had a fling at Schopenhauer, made the acquaintance of Darwin and Malthus, and familiarized himself with Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* — he who himself was to be the most quoted of

contemporaries. He learned to write and to speak; he developed a style. There is something of Gibbon in it, something of Macaulay, some influence, too, from Lord Randolph Churchill. But it is, after all, his own. And who, having heard those sonorous notes, those surging periods, rising and falling like some mighty tide, has not been minded of Tennyson's tribute to Vergil:

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever
moulded by the lips of man.

Among contemporary historians, he is indubitably the greatest of stylists, the only one in the grand tradition of Gibbon and Macaulay, Motley and Parkman. But it is not only as a stylist that he is in the great tradition. He is one of the major historians of our generation, and the fact is not without significance in any evaluation of his rôle as a statesman. *The River War* — written when he was but twenty-five — remains one of the best campaign histories in our literature.

But it was not until he wrote the biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, that he hit his stride. Here is not only the grand style; here is acute analysis, an understanding of the intricacies of politics, urbanity and objectivity.

Then there was a pause in literary productivity: the next work was so all-embracing as to confound the term "ambitious." It was characteristic of the amplitude of Churchill's powers that he should give us not a set of *Memoirs* — like Lloyd George — but

a vast history of *The World Crisis*. Here is easily the most interesting, possibly the most thoughtful, view of the great war and its aftermath. Churchill was training himself to look critically, objectively, philosophically, at even those great movements in history in which he himself played a decisive part.

His masterpiece was the six-volume history of his famous ancestor, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough — with the exception of Freeman's *Lee*, the greatest military biography of our time. It was not an accident that during the tawdry thirties Churchill turned back to the great Duke, nor was it merely filiopietistic vanity. He was, to be sure, vindicating his ancestor from the charges which the Whig historians had made against him. But more than this, he was finding in Marlborough a moral and an inspiration, through him recalling Britain to her greatness, her honor, and her destiny.

By his invincible genius in war [he concluded] and his scarcely less admirable qualities of wisdom and management he had completed that glorious process that carried England from her dependency upon France under Charles II to ten years' leadership in Europe. Although this proud task was for a space cast aside by faction, the union and the greatness of Britain and her claims to Empire were established upon foundations that have lasted to this day. He had proved himself the good Englishman he aspired to be, and history may declare that if he had had more power his country would have had more strength and happiness, and Europe a surer progress.

VI

But it is of course as a war leader, as the greatest of war leaders since the younger Pitt, that Churchill will be remembered as long as the English people remember their history, as long as men celebrate courage and audacity and fortitude.

That story is fresh in our minds. Perhaps we are too close to it fully to appreciate it — too close to distinguish the fortuitous from the essential, the ephemeral from the permanent. Yet some things are clear enough.

He was the first British statesman to see Nazism for the evil thing that it was, to call the British people to arm against it, to repudiate compromise, concession or appeasement. When that evil finally burst forth in a surging flame, it was to him that Britain turned; he became, and remained, the symbol of resistance. He inspired resistance by his courage, endurance by his fortitude, hope by his faith. Nor was his task inspirational alone. He speeded up rearmament, mobilized resources, organized the necessary government services. His great strategic decisions were unerringly sound: his decision to fight, at all costs, for the defense of North Africa and the road to India; his decision to gamble on air power; his decision to give first place to the battle of the Atlantic.

From the beginning he looked to the time when "the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and liberation of the old,"

and his eloquence and Britain's gallant stand did much to speed that time. When Hitler crashed into the Balkans; he moved at once to the aid of Greece, knowing that the moral issue was greater, here, than the military. When Hitler launched his armies against Russia, he announced instantly that "any man or state who fights on against Nazidom will have our aid." When Japan attacked the United States, he entered the lists at once, anticipating by some hours the American declaration of war; since that time he has been unfaltering in his determination to wage war as energetically in the Pacific as he has waged it on the European continent. He has participated in, and shares responsibility for, all the great strategic decisions which have at last brought such full measure of victory.

It is almost four years, now, since Churchill gave this pledge:

We have but one aim and one single, irrevocable purpose. We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of the Nazi régime. From this nothing will turn us — nothing. We shall fight him by land, we shall fight him by sea, we shall fight him in the air, until with God's help we have rid the earth of his shadow and liberated its peoples from his yoke.

Surely it was one of the great dramatic moments of history when he appeared before the House to announce the redemption of the pledge. He looked back, then, to those perilous days five years ago, when he seized the helm. He recalled with pride that in those days of tribulation when he could promise his country only blood,

toil, sweat and tears, he promised, too, that the good cause would triumph in the end.

It is a long and fearful road that Britain has traveled since those days, a road which often must have seemed to have no turning and no end. He stood steadfast and grim while the Nazi war machine careened from victory to victory, overrunning the Low Countries, breaking France, shattering Balkan resistance, subjugating the gallant Greeks, thundering at the very gates of the Suez, pushing triumphantly to the banks of the Volga, cutting the lifeline of Britain and the Empire, raining death and terror from the skies, threatening starvation, invasion and destruction. He stood steadfast, too, while terror mounted from other quarters of the globe, while the pride of the Royal Navy sank under Japanese bombs, while Singapore and Hongkong fell, while Burma was overrun, and India threatened, and the dark cloud moved southward towards Australia. In these months he never faltered, never despaired, never deluded his people with false promises, never concealed the desperate character of the crisis. Through it all he never forgot the proud boast which has armored generations of Englishmen:

Come three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true.

He saw the rising tide of support from America, and assured his countrymen that "westward the land lo

bright." He saw ebb tide of Nazidom in Russia, ebb tide in North Africa, ebb tide in the Pacific. He who had prophesied that many ancient and famous states would be overrun by Nazi might, hailed, one by one, their liberation. He saw the defeat of the cruel U-boat, and the clearing of the Atlantic lanes; the threat of starvation evaporated, and from the New World came a mounting flood of food, weapons and men. He saw the Luftwaffe dash itself in vain against the winged defense of his island fortress, and marked its destruction and the repay-

ment tenfold, a hundredfold, of the rain of bombs on English towns and villages.

And now with the Nazis finally defeated, with sure disaster threatening Japan, with final victory for that good cause for which he never despaired — now he must know such triumph as no other Englishman has known for a hundred years. We may be sure that in the anxious days ahead he will bear himself with that dignity, resolution and magnanimity that has characterized him from the beginning and will attend him to the end.



Female Education —

Let the education of woman be commensurate with her influence. Is it true that, in the completion of social life, she is mistress of that which decides its hues? Then let her be trained to wield this fearful power with skill, with principle, and for the salvation of social man. Does she sometimes bear the sceptre of a nation's well-being in her hand? Cato said of his countrymen: "The Romans govern the world, but it is the women who govern the Romans." The discovery of this very continent testifies to the political influence of woman. Who favored the bold genius of Columbus? Do you say Ferdinand of Spain? I answer it was Isabella prompting her partner to the patronage he so reluctantly bestowed. Her influence unexerted, the Genoese mariner had never worn the laurel that now graces his brow. Will you leave this all-potent being illiterate, to rear sons debased by ignorance, and to become dupes of the demagogue? Look at the domestic circle! Not more surely does the empress of night illuminate and beautify the whole canopy of heaven, than does woman, if educated aright, irradiate and give its fairest tints to her own fireside. To leave her uncultivated, a victim to ignorance, prejudice, and the vices they entail, is to take home to our own bosoms a brood that will inflict pangs sharper than death. For the love and honor of our homes, let us encourage the most liberal culture of the female mind.

— *Godey's Lady's Book*, 1858

WHY VETERANS ARE BITTER

BY WILLARD WALLER

THERE was once a man who fell off the roof of a twenty-storey building. As he passed each successive floor he shouted into the window, "All right so far." His blood brother is the stubborn optimist who assures us today:

"Don't worry about the veterans. They will return unchanged by their experiences, the same boys who went away. A little fighting doesn't hurt anybody. Bitter? Of course, they will not be bitter. They will just be glad to get home and get some of Mom's blueberry pie."

I believe the opposite of all this. No man can fight in a war without being changed by that experience. Veterans are glad to come home, but they come home angry. A do-nothing optimism with regard to veterans will be a fatal error. Let us begin to face facts by realizing that many veterans are bitter—and that they are in large part justified in their bitterness.

Naturally, not every veteran is bitter, at least not in any obvious way. Human nature displays an endless variability, and there are millions of veterans. But enough veterans—es-

pecially men who have been in combat—nourish a smouldering anger to give a tone to the entire group. Talk to these men while they are still in the verbally explosive stage, still enraged by the apathy of civilian America toward the war which has devoured their youth, still not sufficiently caloused to the fact that in war civilians do the talking and the cheering while soldiers do the fighting and the dying. Talk to the wounded men, and you will discover whether veterans are bitter.

"Tell me what your ribbons mean," says the kindly civilian gentleman. With exaggerated politeness the veteran replies, "This Yellow one's for being Drafted Early. The Red one's the Good Humor Ribbon. The Green and Brown is for service in the Spam Circuit, and the Purple one is the Jerry Marksmanship Medal, otherwise known as the Order of the Purple —." "Oh, you poor boy what ever happened to your face?" asks the sob-sister. "A land mine exploded in my face, lady. What happened to yours?" replies the veteran "How do you get along with you

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handicap?" queries the brisk young interviewer, with pencil poised. "Just fine, thank you. How do you get along with your wife?"

Partly because the fighting has taken place so far from our shores, the soldier and the civilian have grown apart during the war. The veteran, benumbed to apathy while he sweated out the war, may react to commonplace incidents of civilian life with an intensity that seems abnormal to those who have stayed at home. Civilians are constantly touching off the hidden booby-traps of anger in the veteran. Every day's news brings fresh evidence of the widening gulf between soldier and civilian.

When V-E Day came at last, civilians — who, the soldiers felt, had done nothing to bring it about — enjoyed it greatly, celebrated with fervor, left their jobs, neglected essential war work, got drunk, and threw away tons of badly needed paper. But the wounded soldiers just back from the front looked on grimly, feeling that this joy was out of place while their buddies were still dying in the Pacific; they remembered also their comrades who had died so that fat, soft, selfish civilians could get drunk and shout hurrah.

Sometimes the veteran's animosity toward civilians touches even those whom he loves, and he is sorry for that, but cannot help it, or even understand it. One mother remarked upon returning from a visit to her son in the hospital: "I was terribly glad to see him, and I know he was glad to see

me. But after the first few minutes of conversation were over, it was hard talking to him. He sounds so different now from his letters! He's so bitter that I hardly know what to say to him. Sometimes the least little thing sets him off. He won't talk about the war, but he's not interested in talking about anything else. When I say something about it, he just says, 'Did you read that in some newspaper?' I hope he gets over it before he gets out of the hospital; otherwise he'll have a chip on his shoulder." Many such young men have chosen to go back into combat before their furloughs were over, or, if able to conceal their disabilities, before their wounds were fully healed.

II

Because the United States is so far removed from the struggle the wedge between soldiers and civilians has driven deeper than in any other nation. England, France, Russia, China, Italy, Germany and Japan have had their cities bombed and civilians have lived under the same dangers and shared the soldier's hardships. As for America, the burden of war, emotional and physical, has fallen upon the fighting man alone. To the soldier the war has been an all-pervasive, terrifying, night-and-day reality — 365-days-a-year taskmaster controlling his life completely. To the civilian it has meant only a small number of minor interruptions in the general routine of business and pleasure as usual.

As the soldier sees it, the very term, "home front," is a misnomer, fraudulent and insulting. How can the soul-destroying weariness, the desolation, the destruction and misery, the haunting terror and the never-ending threat of death that are the torment of the front-line soldier be compared to the minor inconveniences of the safe, fat, secure civilian? Let civilians do their easy, profitable part in the war, but let them not seek to glorify their rôle or to make empty honors of the few words that rightfully belong to the dead and those about to die. The fighting man knows what he has endured and will endure again; he is proud of his combat and prouder still of his comradeship with the brave. He resents these counterfeits and conceits the more bitterly on behalf of his dead comrades who can no longer defend themselves. He is jealous for them. It seems to him that civilians are seeking to rob the dead of what is justly theirs.

The man back from combat sees through the verbal shams by which civilians salve their consciences and pretend to a vital part in the prosecution of the war. Such phrases as "home front," "soldier of production" and "war bond campaign," are cheap imitations of the real thing. The soldier does not like to see such phrases publicized and vulgarized in this manner. Such language gives outsiders a counterfeit ticket of admission to places where they do not belong. It breaks faith with those who have died.

These borrowed words and phrases

used almost sacrilegiously are part of a larger whole that is never comprehended by civilians. The soldier returns to find little understanding of *his* war or his part in the war. A fighting man has a professional pride in his outfit and his branch of the service. He has served a hard apprenticeship to learn his skills and understand his trade and perform his rôle in the vast military machine. The civilian talks loosely and foolishly about the overall course of the war. The combat man talks about what he knows in the jargon of his specialization. He does not enjoy talking to civilians about the war; they do not make much sense to him. Because he has seen war at first hand, while these others have not, he is removed from them. He stands aside and thinks of his buddies; he misses them and is embittered toward all others.

A soldier recently back from the European theatre complained: "Sometimes civilians get me so damned mad I'd like to kill a few. It's all lip-service with them. The war doesn't mean anything except a chance to make a lot of money or else high taxes and it's hard to get gas and meat. When I first came back I couldn't understand how people could ask men what those ribbons they wear mean. I got the same ones that millions of other guys wear. After four years of war civilians ought to know what a Purple Heart looks like, or an ETO ribbon. But they don't. One guy can wear a bunch of ribbons without a single star in any of them and the next guy can wear a

Congressional all by itself and they'll think the first guy is a hero. They don't make a distinction between the guys who took a boat ride and the guys who really did something. It just shows that it doesn't mean as much to them. It's not so much a part of their lives as it is of ours.

"Talk, talk, talk, that's all they do. And what they have to say about the war is stupid or it doesn't matter. I guess I had the idea that everyone was in the war up to his neck. Everybody I saw around me was in the thick of it over there. In the hospitals, when I was there, everybody had lost an arm or a leg or something. If he hadn't, well, he was going back in again after they repaired him. But now that I'm back here I can see how few we were. We were really fighting it, but to these people the war was a good chance to make money or to get a better job. It's just something that happened in their lives for the past few years while to us it has been the whole damned thing."

Thus, even while the war is being waged, the fighting man and the civilian are poles apart. The civilian, cut off from the struggle, reads about it, hears about it, talks about it, sees movies of it and knows everything about it — except what it's like to be in a war and to fight it. Armed conflict is an experience which no man, however gifted, can convey to others. Correspondents like Ernie Pyle who have been closest to the battle know this. It is civilians who think in the clichés of the communiqués and sound so

professional. They are familiar with the standard phrases: . . . patrols were active in several sectors along the Italian front today and there were sharp clashes with small enemy units . . . only light flak . . . only two of our ships are missing . . . only slight casualties . . . just minor mopping-up operations . . . ineffective small arms fire. These are the deceptive euphemisms that tell the story of the war to people at home. They hide everything real about conflict. They do not reveal what is happening to the doughboy or tanker, bombardier or gun pointer, oiler, ammunition-bearer, or radio man — and all of the thousand different kinds of fighting men who know the meaning of fear because they have been where there was something to be afraid of. But the civilian reads these words and is unafraid.

III

Actual combat encompasses many things. The communiqués never say that it is a succession of personal Armageddons. The soldier feels toward it as no civilian can ever feel. Therefore, he resents the phrases in which civilians discuss it. Here is what a wounded infantry officer felt as he listened to a news broadcast:

"This smooth-voiced announcer casually says, 'Today we sliced forward another fifteen miles to take eight more towns.' I could kill the sonofabitch for the way he says that. Why the hell does he say, 'We?' 'We' didn't do it. Those poor bastards out there

did it and they weren't quite so nonchalant. When you advance fifteen miles in twenty-four hours, just how damned fast is that? It's about three-quarters of a mile an hour. That's pretty damned slow walking. I'll tell you what it is: it's just fast crawling. And maybe that's how those first guys out front made most of the distance. They didn't do any slicing forward. That first scared wave of doughboys crawled out of their positions and were damned sorry to leave their foxholes. The old hole looked marvelous to them. So did last night's cellar or barn or whatever it was they stayed in and didn't get killed in. It was safe and better than what they knew was ahead. And the tankers weren't any happier, either. You can have twenty-eight tons of steel and armor around you and still get killed without even half trying. And somebody got killed in that advance, but the announcer didn't bother to mention that. He had to have time for the commercial plug, but some poor jokers will never sweat out the next fifteen-mile advance on tomorrow's broadcast. This one may have been their first and last.

"Or maybe it was a motorized column. Well, the guys in the lead units — maybe tanks, or half-tracks or just jeeps — push out ahead down the road. How do you think they feel? I'll tell you. You ride down the road feeling naked, like a sitting target for every 88 in the German army. Every town or forest can have a dozen of them camouflaged. Probably the way you'll find out is the hard way. They'll

shoot you up and then you'll know they're there. Nobody slices through as though it's a little scrimmage. Everybody is scared green and playing for keeps. The only thing that saves us is that Jerry is just as scared, or maybe more so.

"Maybe there's something wrong with me. I can't think of those eight towns we took. Nobody wants them. They're probably all beaten up with dead cattle in the streets and burning houses. I can only think of how scared the guys were to leave their foxholes and how confused and alone your little outfit feels and how easy it is to be alive one minute and a corpse the next. And when you're hugging the ground and trying to become invisible during a barrage, all you want to do is to get away and live and never fight again, just sleep and feel safe. But you can't let your buddies down and besides you've been through it before. So you keep going forward as much as you can and maybe you're lucky and take the town. Then maybe they bring up some replacements and you try to make things easy for them while you figure out how long it will be before they bring up a replacement for you. That's when you want to get hit and hit easy so that you can get out of it and go to the hospital and rest. You can't win and you know it. That is what battle is to the men who fight it — not a final edition or a fifteen-minute news broadcast, but day after day of consuming fear and danger."

Yet when the war has been finished it is not the men who fought in it who

reap the benefits of the struggle. The veteran must begin civilian life by unlearning and trying to forget all that has been so brutally beaten into him. Let no one underestimate the forge that is war and the sledge of battle that has hammered him into different form. The terrible urgencies behind his soldier habits have gone, but the habits remain. Thus the veteran comes back with the war behind him and the need to change back to what he once was. It is not easy to leave the war behind or to unlearn the habits that have been months and years in the making. Economically, the veteran is at a disadvantage. Socially, he is out of place.

IV

The closer the veteran comes to home, the more he realizes the immensity of his problem. Civilian life seemed easy and wonderful in his dreams — home with people he loves, a good job, the soft comfort of a life free from commands and danger, a chance to get ahead, to be his own boss and follow his own whims. When his odyssey is completed and the Golden Gate or the Statue of Liberty is in sight, his emotion reaches its highest peak. Ask any veteran at that moment, and he will tell you that all he went through was well worth it and he is proud of having served his country.

But after the first exultation is over, the reaction sets in. He has wanted civilian life so badly, has idealized it so much that it cannot possibly meas-

ure up to his hopes. It is not the stuff of his dreams. Those wonderful visions of peace that were anodynes in action evaporate in the continuous skirmishes of civilian life. In battle, he waged a co-operative climactic struggle for survival, knowing the greatest comradeship that men ever experience. Now, in peace, he must make his way alone. There are no clearly defined enemies, few completely trustworthy friends. He must endure alone the slow, nagging competition of civilian strife.

Many will be confused by the change and unable to accept the pettifogging realities of the commercial world. Because nothing can ever be so continuously pleasant as their dreams of peace, they will be disillusioned and upset, without a cause or a *raison d'être* or a cohesive whole to which they can attach themselves and in which they can find a place and a faith. Many will fail in this second battle, this unsung struggle without companions and without glory; they will be permanently embittered, whatever the cause of their failure. Almost certainly there will be enough of these bitter ones to color the entire group of veterans.

Look about you and note how poorly the serviceman fares in competition with civilians even now. How much more beyond civilian clothes and a few days of celebration will his maximum separation pay buy? Veterans who attempt college under the provisions of the GI Bill, considered bountiful, will find their living allowance pitifully small, especially the

married ones. As for the pensions of the disabled, would you like to sell a leg or an arm or that right eye which you sometimes wager jestingly at the going rates? Our men may be the highest paid fighters in the world, but would you change your job for theirs?

And the men who come back are lonely. They miss the comradeship of their fellows and have little more than contempt for the civilians who surround them; they miss the sharing of the front line and recoil from the push-and-shove, dog-eat-dog existence of civilian life. They look forward to the time when their buddies will return so that they will no longer be without friends who have been through a common experience. "I miss most of all," the veteran says, "the buddies I had up there and the feeling that everybody was with you. Guys who had been relieved and gone back to a holding position would volunteer and act as stretcher-bearers when the forward companies suffered a lot of casualties. Nobody wanted to go out there and maybe get picked off by a sniper or stop a few mortar fragments, but you felt you had to do it. Those guys up there, even if you never saw them before, were your best friends and you couldn't let them down. They would do the same for you. But what the hell does one civilian do for another? I don't like anything about civilians. They live only for themselves. They push and shove to get onto streetcars and get ahead of you in line. Nobody bucks a line in the Army. We got lots of time, but a

civilian hasn't. They're selfish, self-centered. They don't deserve what they have. Hell, at the front no matter how short we were on food, water, or even ammunition, it was always shared. You don't hold out on your buddies. It was unthinkable that anyone wouldn't share what he had. One outfit could scrounge from another. You could get anything you wanted from anybody practically for the asking. In combat, everybody really loves everybody else who's fighting on the same side with him. But civilians love nobody but themselves."

And this is why the road back is traditionally rocky and beset with thorns. This is why history's pages are full of disgruntled veterans, and sometimes stained with the blood they have shed on their return. Civilian life looks easy to the soldier; actually it is very hard for the veteran.

You say, civilian, that this is no affair of yours? Perhaps your share of the responsibility is small, but the nation has used these men for the collective purpose, used them, used them up, to make you safe and prosperous. The veterans of this war are the one-ninth of the population whom the other eight-ninths have used to fight a war. The soldier is a means, not an end. More and worse, he is an expendable means; hence, the haunting, corroding fear. All the veteran's attitudes that civilians cannot understand derive from the fact that he has been used for war. War brings to the state the highest good, but rarely can it restore to the

man who fights it what it has taken from him.

Because he has given so much and others so little, the veteran is often bitter. Do not doubt the reality of that bitterness — and do not misinterpret it. In most men it is the bitterness of frustrated idealism, of altruism imposed upon. Give the veteran a fair chance in a good society, and his bitterness will turn into devotion. Implicit in the returning veteran is a capacity for idealism which may be a great dynamic of social betterment

in the future world we are planning.

Give him a chance to get wisdom, to learn to distinguish between good causes and bad, and then let him have his way with the world. Give him a chance, and he will not forget, nor ever want to forget, that, as Justice Holmes put it, in his youth his heart was touched with fire. Deny him his chance, neglect him, defraud his wounded comrades, discriminate against him in industry, give him the run-around, and he will prove to be a dangerous man in the years ahead.



THE GIFT

BY LEONA AMES HILL

WHAT do I bring you? Nothing, nothing at all —
 No proud or fine or lovely thing, indeed —
 No gift of bonds or gold that you can call
 Your own against a time of sudden need.
 But for the secret hunger in your heart
 And for your hidden dreams I bring you this:
 The knowledge, surer than a seaman's chart,
 That I am yours. And when the black storms hiss
 Against your window, and the year grows cold,
 And you are tired, and nothing worth the cost,
 Remember that one day, long gone and lost,
 I gave you all the love my heart could hold,
 Open, unasking, free of all design,
 Direct as streams that plunge through rock and pine.

LETTER FROM GERMANY

The following is the substance of a letter received recently from an American traveling in Germany. For various reasons he cannot use his name, but the editors know him personally and they have every confidence in his reliability as a reporter.

— THE EDITORS.

DEAR T—: I've been in Germany since a few days before peace exploded. . . . First, I want to tell you that all the talk about Germany's underground industry just isn't so. It is in the same category as that colossal underground resistance movement, the Bavarian fortress and all the rest of the stuff that I and all the others were guilty of spreading before we knew anything about it.

There are a few assembly plants underground for putting finished articles together — very few — but no manufacturing industries. Several of the big industrialists have told me that they considered such plans but the technical problems were so great that nothing was done. I have yet to meet an industrial mogul who has even seen one, and I have asked dozens.

A thing that has constantly amazed me is how little the Germans really prepared for a drawn-out war. They prepared thoroughly for air raids in the way of shelters, with very good results, for a surprisingly small percentage of workers were killed in attacks on plants. But otherwise they left themselves completely exposed without even some of the primary precautions that we took in America.

As for bombing I have been amazed at the destruction to some types of industry and the apparent imperviousness of others to bombs. Those heavy jobs in Krupps didn't even have the grease knocked off them.

Well, that's enough roundabout stuff on the industry. This is the goddamndest place now that has probably ever existed since civilization began. The cities are utterly and hopelessly smashed; places like Cologne, Frankfurt, Essen and Düsseldorf haven't a house standing in their centers. Someone will certainly have to make the decision whether it is better to rebuild them on the same sites or to eliminate the problem of removing the mountains of rubble by simply going somewhere else and building on a new site. All life is stymied by lack of telephone service, mail, newspapers, train service, automobiles, or any other form of communication.

My work includes a large amount of traveling around and it is a nerve-racking business, I can tell you. Fifty miles in a day aren't at all bad in a jeep. Every bridge over anything is down and many of the roads are impassable because of bomb craters. And there are no signs, so you never know how far you can get in any

direction or when you are likely to arrive at a canal or river with no possible way of getting across. And the armies have a disconcerting way of taking their bridges with them when they move, so that having found a bridge at a particular spot is no guarantee that you will find it a few days later. And no one knows how to get anywhere. The Germans never know because they are confined to their particular localities and no one ever tells them anything about conditions outside.

And the GI's are dumb by orders. Before the war ended, it was terribly difficult getting around. Sentries just shrugged and usually asked, "Kin yuh talk kraut?" And if you said yes, you were liable to get yourself arrested for investigation.

All the brains in the States certainly didn't go into our army. I was trying to get out of Cologne across the Rhine and asked a captain standing in front of the cathedral where there was a bridge. He "didn't know nothing," and I finally asked him if he knew what city he was in, and he didn't. I think he was telling the truth. They are never told where they are and inquiry is likely to arouse suspicion.

The German people live in cellars and behind pieces of débris, and somehow manage to keep fairly clean and fed. I was told that about a hundred thousand still live in Cologne and two hundred thousand in Essen, though where they live is quite beyond me.

I'm told there are about twenty thousand corpses still under the débris in Essen, and in certain parts you can sure smell them. The cellars are mostly filled with sewage, which adds somewhat to the general bouquet. Typhoid fever and typhus are on the upgrade. With the help of ancient horse-cars, hand-wagons and a few trucks run on bottled gas, potatoes and bread are brought into the towns and distributed to long queues of patient, sallow women. Today I saw a fairly large truck filled with bags of something being drawn by two horses with an ox hitched between them. It was not equipped for bottled gas, so they were using it as a wagon. The main provisioning difficulty is the bridges and railways. There are stocks of food in the country but it can't be got to the towns. At Hugo Stinnes' synthetic oil and gas plant, for example, they told me that they fill the one truck they have permission to run with coal and send it into the neighboring area to trade the coal for potatoes. These are then brought back and rationed to the people who worked in the plant and are still around.

I haven't seen a single Nazi.

Even before the fighting stopped, every sign of Hitler's Reich had disappeared, so much so that soldiers hunting for a swastika or party emblem for a souvenir can't find one. I've talked with hundreds of Heinies and haven't found one who didn't tell me how he had always loathed the Nazis and their tricks. I'm afraid some of our good

souls are believing it. They all say they were overjoyed when the Americans finally arrived and liberated them. As a matter of fact, all the evidence I have been able to collect does indicate that the final months were a kind of terror régime with the Nazis determined to smash the Reich before fading out and the people becoming more or less actively hostile to them. Certain big plants which were ordered to demolish equipment refused and fought off SS commandos sent to do the job. And it seems to have been the party that smashed up all the bridges and roads. Numerous persons have told me that the army retreated in good order and left things intact; then SS or SA demolition parties got busy and wrecked everything.

I arrived in one town with our army. There was terrific excitement and some enthusiasm. The arrival of the first tank provided a sensation that left the Huns speechless and will provide plenty of tales for their grandchildren. A Sherman rolled around a bend and came lumbering down the main street with a GI standing in the turret bare to the waist and with a silk topper on his head. God, it was funny.

The Americans have mostly taken their occupation duties as a joke, though the British, who hold the northern area, are serious as hell and just about as unpleasant and hard to deal with. For the Germans the war is most definitely over. They all want to be friends and simply jump to

oblige you if you want anything. I've stayed in some pretty "posh" homes in my wanderings, and always with the most terrific service. The British are suspicious and go around looking for trouble — and usually find it to judge from their stories of snipings and underground activity. The GI's lounge around and fraternize as much as they dare, and I haven't heard of any of them having any run-ins with the Huns. And I certainly haven't, and I've been over most of the country except that held by our eastern ally, who apparently doesn't believe in fraternization even between allies.

I haven't been over to their line yet but expect to reach it in the coming weeks. A pal of mine did try to breach it and came back with no success but a good story. He arrived at a terrific archway over the road laden down with red flags, greenery and flowers, and in front of it two Russians in fancy dress uniforms that looked like something out of Franz Lehar did a kind of gymnastic routine with their rifles by way of salute. They took him to their headquarters a few hundred feet down the road and after the stern celibacy we are all expected to observe, he was bowled over to find the place simply cluttered up with bevvies of hot-looking females in slacks, brief dresses and shorts. He said quite a few of them were speaking French and the rest were Russians. There were, he estimated, about two per man. Intermingled with the females was an assortment of Russian officers, in snappy uniforms but dirty finger-

nails and Stalin haircuts, who utterly ignored him. Finally, after trying a half-dozen or so of them and being ignored, he found a young officer who answered him in French. He told the officer what he wanted. The officer said he would have to ask his general, and went off to speak to a squatty bird who was standing near. He came back and said, "The general says no."

That was the extent of his conversation and when he tried to argue, he got himself ignored by even the young officer. Finally he went back to his jeep, having decided to see if he couldn't just drive through, and found two Russian guards standing smack against the front bumper. They just stood there and glared at him, and finally to get out of the place, he had to back his jeep away from the guards. So he came back a little hot under the collar.

I suppose you know all about the nonfraternization order which is disturbing so many lads. Every GI makes himself liable for a few hundred dollars in fines and at least one court-martial every day. They can't help it with all the kids yelling for "cheving goom" and "chokolat," all the cute gals giving them terrific grins, and all the old men and women stopping to pass the time of day. The order is still on, but they have set up prophylactic depots all over the place. . . .

The latest, I'm told, is a plan to bring wives, families and brides over for the occupation troops. I wonder if Eisenhower and his advisers really think that a lot of women and kids

are going to live here without striking up friendships with the people around them. One of your well-known generals had a better idea when he told his lads to kill the men and love the women, but never to tell anyone he approved. That was, of course, before the war was over, so the first part of the order is now rescinded. It is more awkward for officers than for GI's because it would and does look mighty silly to see a major hiking off to the woods.

There is also an AMG over here, and an article on it would serve a really good purpose. None of the things those boys learned or were prepared to cope with at Virginia University has materialized. It is the Italian story all over again with even less excuse because we should have learned something. The invariable picture of AMG in action is a bright bunch of lads who are woefully afraid of showing their ignorance, listening to long queues of complaining Germans making charges of everything from GI's spitting on their sidewalk to raping their grandmother. The net result is that the country is utterly stymied because AMG is supposed to give permission for the driving of every nail and hauling of every potato, but instead of getting on the ball and doing positive administrative work, the AMG boys devote most or all of their time to investigating German complaints against GI's. 'Twould make you spit. I looked in on them in Essen to ask the way to Krupps and the

bird had never heard of them. And when I stopped in the next afternoon, he remembered me and asked, "Did you find that . . . What the hell was the name of that place you were looking for?"

All Germany in the American area seems to be divided into Germans and Russians with the GI's supervising both. Stalin has left some two million of his people over here and they are now herded into camps awaiting transport across Poland back home. The other day I was watching some Russian men paddling an old boat across a canal that bounded their camp to some German girls on the opposite bank who were evidently eager to receive them. But the trusty GI made the men come back, which led me to surmise that one reason we are occupying Germany is to keep the Russians and Germans from making love.

The Russians are a wonderful chapter in themselves. I went to one of their camp dances last Saturday and aside from the smell, it was a real experience. Their tales of what the Huns had done to them made your blood boil, but they all seemed happy and few of them wanted to go home, what with Uncle Sam feeding them better than they had ever been fed.

I have been disturbed ever since arriving at the inadequacy of our radio propaganda and the extreme effectiveness of the less literate Russians broadcasting from Berlin. The only fare we give the Huns is an endless long groan of blues singers with fright-

ful voices trying to put goo into tuneless songs. I thought it was bad in London but heard over here, it is a disgrace. Our radio crowd has sadly misunderstood the German mentality, because those in the crowd I can get to comment at all on our radio programs hesitate in an embarrassed way in order not to hurt my feelings.

Frankly, it stinks to high heaven and something should be done about it. The Russians have evidently seen the possibilities and have seized them in a terrific way. I've been listening to their programs regularly when I have a chance because there is no mistaking the effect they are having on the Germans. They have utilized practically the whole of the Berlin broadcasting staff and are carrying on the same style that the Germans used. Unlike our heavy-footed OWI, they are not pitching in propaganda with a fork, but are letting the story tell itself. They make Berlin look like a prewar paradise with everyone eating well, work going on at a terrific pace (with sounds of steamshovels and riveters), stories by the dozen by Berliners telling how their life has been reorganized but all giving the conviction that it is for the better and that they like it. And there is lot of really high-class music, plays and opera. The Germans all around the rest of the country talk of nothing else and most of them are becoming increasingly sold on the idea. Comparisons between our hopeless inactivity and the Russian picture makes them want the Russians rather than us.

WHAT AILS THE CHURCH?

BY ALSON J. SMITH

WITH the axe of revolution now at the roots of all the institutions of mankind, among the first to suffer critical examination of its fruits is one whose radix lies 1900 years deep in human history: the Christian Church.

Those of us who love the church will be the first to admit that the fruit is rather spotty. Some of it is fair enough, but not a little is wormy. Its three worst blights, it seems to me, are: (1) The pitiful and all-too-apparent gap between the church's profession and its practice; (2) Protestantism's emphasis on conduct rather than on motive, on the external and obvious as over against the inner and real; and (3) Catholicism's constitutional inability to resist the temptation to temporal power.

The distance between the church's profession and its practice is at once the source of humor and cynicism among non-church people. Nowhere is this gap more apparent than in the church's dealing with—or frantic attempts to escape dealing with—racism. And yet the teaching of Jesus

on this matter is so clear and unequivocal that it cannot possibly be misunderstood. As a matter of fact, it is not misunderstood. What we have is not misunderstanding but a simple blank refusal to accept the authority of Jesus over this important area of human relations.

Let me illustrate with a little recent Methodist history, not because the Methodists are any worse in this respect than any other religious group, but because they are probably better than most.

The Baltimore *Afro-American* carried a red-ink headline across its front page on January 6, 1945: "Stork Loses Race With JC." (JC of course meaning Jim Crow.) The story said that a Miss Bernice Miller, an unmarried eighteen-year-old prospective mother had come from Saluda, S. C., to reside with friends in Washington, D. C., until after the birth of her child. When this event began to take place somewhat ahead of schedule, the girl was rushed to a nearby Methodist hospital where she was refused admission or even emergency care on the

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ground that the hospital was for whites only. While her friend argued with the nurse in charge of admissions, the stork, impatient with such nonsense, accomplished his mission and left Miss Miller and her baby lying on the sidewalk. Though the temperature was around zero, the hospital still refused to admit the mother. A white cab driver hove in sight, but when he saw that the girl was colored he refused to drive her to Gallinger (Washington General) Hospital. She lay there on the sidewalk in front of the Methodist house of healing for forty-five minutes until a cab driver could be located who was willing to transport her to Gallinger.

There is a beautiful plaque in the lobby of the hospital which says that the hospital is dedicated to the glory of God and the well being of "all humanity." All humanity, that is, except that extensive section of humanity that happens to be colored.

In the same city the Board of Temperance of the same church owns an elegant building near the Capitol in which there is a cafeteria. The government eating places, the YMCA and the Union Station (the only places in Washington where colored and white may eat together) all have specific clauses in the leases they make with restaurant men barring discrimination. The Methodists, who often upbraid the government for being less than they think it ought to be, have no such leases. Negroes do not eat in the Methodist cafeteria. Protests

against this situation, which is diametrically opposed to all the fine pronouncements on brotherhood of the Methodist General Conference, are met by the Board of Temperance with thinly veiled anti-Semitic outbursts against "New York capital . . . propaganda against the West and South . . . the Communist Party of New York, from which proceeds a foul stream of drunkenness, perversion and abnormality."

No, that was not written by a late unlamented paper-hanger. It appeared in *The Voice*, official organ of the Board of Temperance. To this writer, discrimination is more perverted and perverting than drunkenness, but apparently the Board doesn't see it that way.

One could cite other instances of the chasm between profession and practice, not only in Methodism but throughout all Christendom. Suffice it to say that through this cancerous lesion the moral authority of the church is leaking slowly away. But church officialdom, by and large, does not see it or refuses to admit it. The Methodist bishops do not see any connection between their hospital and their cafeteria and their own ringing pronouncements on racial equality.

II

A second blight on the church's fruit is the emphasis on conduct rather than motive. Paula Snelling and Lillian Smith ask a very pertinent question on this subject in *South Today*:

Why is it that our churches, ever since they began to develop in this country, have stressed manners, mannerisms, conventions rather than the fundamental hungers and satisfactions that so deeply concern all men? Why is it that we who grew up in the South have heard from our pulpits more sermons against smoking than against segregation? More denunciations of dancing than plans for providing recreational opportunities for young people? More scare stories about the torments of hell than about the horrors of war?

Why? Largely because Protestantism, in its perfectionist American form, passed over as a guide the Jesus who consorted with gluttons, winebibbers, and riff-raff and went all the way back to the Pharisaical ideal of human conduct, which Jesus Himself denounced in the strongest language to be found in the New Testament. The reason for this is that personal asceticism (or the outward appearance of it) went very well with the acquisitive piety of Calvinism and represented a reaction from the licentiousness of the late Middle Ages. The Roman Catholic Church, clinging desperately to feudalism, did not fall into this particular error and has always been much more tolerant in matters of personal conduct than has Protestantism.

Do you mean, I can hear some dear old soul saying, that things like smoking, drinking, gambling, dancing and swearing are *unimportant*? No, I do not mean that. But in a world filled with the horrors and suffering of war, it is the sorriest sort of trifling to give a place of importance to things like smoking and swearing. It is fiddling

while not only Rome but the whole world burns. And it results in such a complete and hideous misjudgment of all human values that the world outside the church gapes in amazement and does not know whether to laugh or cry at our myopic preoccupation with the minutiae of life. It results in a kind of Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass world within the church in which sweet old ladies wearing the white ribbon of the WCTU can defend Hitler on the grounds that he did not smoke, drink, or run around with women (although it looks now as though he double-crossed them on all counts). It gives them a conception of the world in which murder is less despised than adultery, torture unimportant when compared with the noxious weed and the flowing bowl. It is as though a man should work himself into a frenzy over a mosquito bite when all the while he was dying of cancer.

Moreover, this emphasis on conduct and the close identification of a narrow code of conduct with the church's basic faith has set a standard which is impossibly high as far as many fallible human beings are concerned. It exerts a centrifugal pressure toward disunity, neurosis and insanity — exactly the opposite of the centripetal pressure toward wholeness and health which religion at its best should provide.

Nowhere is our mistaken emphasis on conduct rather than motive better illustrated than in evangelical Protestantism's attitude toward the alcohol problem. We have stressed the de-

graded conduct of the drunkard, the venality of the liquor business, the unhappy results of alcoholism in terms of insanity, broken homes, traffic accidents, lost man-hours in industry, etc. The drunkard has been considered — and treated — as a sinner, to be alternately or simultaneously pitied and damned. *But never to be understood!* The church in its temperance program has never asked the only question that has basic pertinence: “*Why* do people drink?” Obviously, not to keep the devilish rum-sellers in the chips, or to break up homes, or to hit somebody with an automobile. Why, then? If the church had looked beyond the conduct of the alcoholic and into his heart, as Jesus certainly would have done, it would have had the answer — the drunkard was not a sinner, but a sick man. A man who was trying to correct the pain and imbalance in his life through narcotization; somebody who should be understood and helped to help himself; somebody whose sickness was in part the sickness of the whole of human society, and for which the Christian Church therefore had a measure of responsibility.

But the church in its “temperance” propaganda preferred to seek a solution in law and thus left the work of understanding, healing and reconciliation to an agency outside of the church which nevertheless put God at the very center of its program — Alcoholics Anonymous.

The emphasis on conduct, too, has forced on the church some hairline decisions in the realm of practical

morality which have been a source of mirth for the unregenerate. Southern Methodist University and Baylor University (a Baptist institution) recently declined, with proper hauteur, very sizable gifts from the Texas brewers. However, the official church press has recently carried a number of articles purporting to show that drinking is no more harmful to body and soul than smoking, and the Methodist Board of Temperance names tobacco as a foe no less than the fruit of the vine. But one of Methodism’s largest universities is founded on the fortune of James B. Duke, the late tobacco magnate. And for years the Baptists have suckled at the oily paps of the Rockefeller fortune, notwithstanding Socony’s unsavory past. Oil has probably been at the bottom of more human skulduggery than beer, but the Baptists can’t see it.

III

The third worm in Christendom’s fruit is Catholicism’s appetite for temporal power — and the financial, social and other perquisites thereof. Indeed, some of the most desiccated fruit in the orchard is that which hangs from the olive trees of Spain. There the Roman Church, rather than lose its material property and traditional prerogatives — among which was the right to keep Spain illiterate — made common cause with Falangism, landlordism, militarism and murder against the people of Spain. The people have not forgotten. The Church

temporarily kept its property and prerogatives but lost the people to political leftism just as, several centuries before, it had lost to Protestantism its people, property and prerogatives in England, Holland and Scandinavia.

Today, with its support of Vichy having lost it France in spite of De Gaulle's personal Catholicism, and its alliance with Victor Emmanuel and the Italian monarchy having alienated the Italian partisans, the Vatican would like nothing better than to call in the new world to redress the balance of the old. It is a grievous comment on papal politics that today its chief hope for a few crumbs of that temporal authority for which it so avidly hungers hangs on the dispensation of two largely Protestant countries — the United States and Great Britain. There are no longer any important Catholic powers in the world. There will be no new Holy Alliance. Never has the church been weaker, politically or morally, than it is today. And the reason for this weakness is that a constant, open and arrogant hunger for power — growing out of the doctrine that only the Catholic Church has the truth and that only the Catholic Church therefore has rights — has alienated all the revolutionary forces in modern life. The plain truth is that the axe-wielders of the future, many of them nominal Catholics themselves, do not like the Catholic Church. They have seen it come up too many times on the side of their enemies.

Yet in spite of all this I must con-

fess to a certain sympathy for the temporal lust of Rome. It is an evil seed, but it grows out of good ground — that is to say, it grows out of a conception of the unity of life that is lacking in Protestantism. The Roman Catholic Church knows very well that life is basically one; that it cannot be departmentalized into spiritual and material, temporal and eternal, political and religious, etc. However, not only the Catholic Church but all of Christendom is on the horns of a dilemma: how to Christianize all of life without taking over or at least exercising a certain amount of control over most of the political, economic and educational institutions of mankind. Catholic attempts to do this more or less directly have boomeranged into anti-clericalism; Protestant attempts to do it by indirection have by no means brought in the Kingdom of God.

But if some of the fruit is spotty and wormy, much of it is fair. There is a great deal that is right with the church. The blights on the fruit are no part of the tree itself. When the other institutions of European civilization were snapping beneath Nazi pressure, the church showed an amazing tensile strength. Speaking through its Bishop Berrgrav, its pastors Boegner and Niemöller, the church in Europe could reply to Hitler's theories that it knew no race but the human race, no blood but the blood of Christ. The European church, annealed and purified in the fires of persecution, may now bespeak the mind of Christ with great power and authority.

The American church, too, is not without its good fruits. John Foster Dulles recently said that without the American churches there would have been no foundation for the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. And no American airman, wounded and helpless in the jungles of Melanesia, could fail to be enthusiastic about the kindly ministrations of the "Jesus people." If this war has done nothing else, it has gloriously justified the Christian missionary enterprise.

IV

It is just because there is so much right with the church that we want to save it for the future. What can we do to assure its future?

First of all, we had better stop thinking in terms of eternity and begin thinking in terms of time. In dealing with every unchristian and inhuman practice in the world we are counseled "not to rush things." These things, we are soberly admonished by our "wiser heads," take time. Well, let's inform our so-called "wiser heads" that time is running out on us. We do not have much time left. The prospect of 200,000,000 Russians organizing 400,000,000 Asiatics and 25,000,000 South Slavs, plus unknown numbers of Italians, Spaniards and Poles around the twin banners of class struggle and racial equality should awaken the church hierarchy, Protestant and Catholic, to the fatuousness of thinking in terms of a thousand years while letting tomorrow go by

default. The Christian solution to the race problem, for instance, must be rushed or there will not be a Christian solution. There will be a Communist solution. Remember, the church in the year 945 A.D. was thinking in terms of a thousand years, too. And look what happened!

A second thing that we can do is to begin making the organizational machinery of the church serve Christian ideals rather than continuing to subordinate the ideals to the smooth running of the machinery. This will mean some rather extensive spraying, some very sharp pruning. Let the dead wood fall—the anti-Semites, the social snobs, the holier-than-thous in the pews, the midget Richelieus, the clerical careerists, the thwarted thespians, the professional hush-hushers in the pulpits. They will not like the kind of a hard, courageous church we need, and there is no hope in them, anyway. In the words of the prophet, they are "a flock appointed unto Sheol, and Death shall be their shepherd."

As far as conduct is concerned, let us give heed to the admonition of St. Augustine to "love God and do as you please." Let us stop making damn fools of ourselves over the incidentals of life and concentrate on Christianizing the *motives* of men and nations. Let us strive to make men whole instead of fracturing frail human nature with prohibitions and inhibitions. We have in our hands the greatest cleansing, healing and unifying power known to man—religious faith. Let

us use it intelligently and sympathetically for the renewing of humanity. That means, for example, clinics for the understanding of the alcoholic and other neurotics instead of Washington lobbies working for prohibition.

And in this terrible hour of the utter ruin of Catholic Europe, let the great Mother Church of Christendom purge herself of temporal appetite and hierarchical arrogance and devote herself to the urgent work of restoring the unity of Christianity. How far would we Protestants not go toward Rome if only Rome would take one small step toward us! If only our return to the traditional Church did not mean a return to feudalism and authoritarianism! A determined counter-Reformation within the Catholic Church, coincident with an equally determined pruning of dead wood by Protestantism, might bring us so close that we could no longer stay apart.

If we are willing to spray as well as pray, if we are willing to prune ruthlessly and to do it now, we can save this ancient tree. But if we cannot restore our own unity, if we cannot bring to suffering mankind that sort of creative sympathy that grows out of a profound understanding of the motives of imperfect human beings, if we cannot meet the Goths and Visigoths of social revolution with the same open arms with which our ancestors greeted the barbarians at the gates of Rome in the fifth century — then God help us.

In that case the axe will swing and the tree, fair fruit and all, will be cut down and cast into the fire. And the last Christian hope will be found in the seeds planted in Africa, Asia, and the islands of the sea by men who went to those places in the far-seeing spirit of an Albert Schweitzer, a Gordon Seagrave, a Father Damien.



Humility—

Humility is often only a feigned submission, of which we make use to render others submissive. It is an artifice of pride which abases in order to exalt itself.

— LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

— JOHN SELDEN

A BUSINESS MAN VIEWS THE CLASSICS

BY JOHN D. HILL

Now I am in my fifth year in the Great Books class at the University of Chicago. A business friend whose income is \$25,000 a year, after taxes, says it is all very well but he does not see how I get the time for it. Like myself he is an advertising man and his business day, from home and back, comes to about ten hours. He points out that he is altogether too tired afterward to find his way around in the Great Books. Nor does he see much use in them for a business man.

I told him that the Great Books would hardly teach him how to earn his living, but they might teach him how to enjoy it. They would not give him riches of the market place, but riches of the mind and heart.

I am one of those who think it is of no importance whose list of "The Hundred Great Books" you read. Oxford's list of a hundred may vary somewhat from the University of Chicago's, and St. John's from the public library's—but not much. The basic books—the recognized classics of every age—will be included in any case. They are the books that are the life blood of the Liberal

Arts. A first-hand knowledge of them is one of the deep-set marks of culture in a man or woman.

All of them put together are the work of only about a hundred men. But they were men who were giants. They had large intellects and did the largest thinking in this world so far. To read them is to touch with your own mind the best that has been thought and said by man. They are hard reading in many or most cases because they are not half-truths or quickies.

I went to my first class on the Great Books five years ago with mixed feelings and much dubiety. I had hardly any idea what I was getting into. I was not hunting for culture, but for a hobby. The word "culture" would have annoyed me. I had to find a new standard of values, a new way of life. For the doctors had just said to me, "No more whiskey, night-clubbing or the like for business or any purpose." I had all those hours every night to get through somehow. I needed something absorbing in the way of a hobby—and quickly.

Well, I am a fifth-termer or one of

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the old-timers in this Great Books class now. And I hope to be a "lifer." I find I can read a Great Book and also work a ten-hour day if necessary. I learned how to read a book from Santayana. His simple and easy way is to tear out a handful of pages at a time, pocket them, and read them as opportunity offers out in the world. Lugging the book is irksome. Often it would be conspicuously out of place. But a few loose pages are no bother, and they excite no attention or curiosity anywhere.

I have often been asked what is the best time for reading. The best time is whenever you can read. I read on trains and in railroad stations when trains are late. I used to pace up and down and fret and worry when trains were late, but now I have a new world in my pocket and am glad of a few minutes to explore in it. I read while waiting for a business meeting to start, and make notes on the page in hand. I have read and thought over a troublesome page between acts at the theatre.

The place to read is of no importance. You can read anywhere. That is one of the advantages of reading. All you need are the few pages you wish to get on with, and a pencil. I should be a little lost without a pencil. I underline phrases and whole sentences and fill the margins with notes.

I do not know why many or most people do not tear pages out of their books and read them and mark them up with their own ideas. It is the only way to read a difficult book. I suppose

most people's early training is against it. The youngsters next door are punished if they mark up their books. It is called mutilating a book. That kind of training, it seems to me, is too bad. You can always put the pages back or buy a new copy of the book anywhere. People seldom, if ever, go back to the same book again anyway, unless it is a Great Book; and there are few copyrights on the Great Books now. For the most part they are dirt cheap.

The wives of my business friends are often more curious than their husbands about books and reading, and about the great intellects who wrote the Great Books. They sometimes take notes on books to buy for their own libraries at home. In some cases, I think that what they like is the color scheme the covers make. Their instinct I am sure is sound on that point; for as all colors go well together in a garden, so they do on the bookshelves. Books make any room bright or warm with color. From this viewpoint of color alone, it seems impossible to go wrong or be in bad taste with books.

But I have never met or heard of many women who are bibliophiles. That, I think, is to their credit. A bibliophile is a man who could buy the contents of a book for next to nothing. Instead he goes around peering into dark places and paying fabulous sums for an old format. Then he locks it up under glass and gloats over it. He loves the package and not what is in it. I do not understand him.

II

I am not a fast reader. Some people race through a book taking in whole phrases at a glance of the eye. I prefer to read slowly and think. I feel the same way about a journey. The slower I go, the more I see and enjoy. I hurry through a detective story or other emotional literature for pastime or pleasure, but not so with reflective writing. There is no use my trying to read a Great Book fast. I have to transpose the writer's idea into my own words. If I try to think afterward in his words, I get lost. So I just go along at a leisurely gait.

I know several philosophers, but not one who is ever in a hurry. They drink beer and eat spring onions, even as you and I. They are not absent-minded professors, either. They know what they are doing and always seem in good spirit about it. They are not rich in worldly goods; they are kindly and genial men who are happy, I think, because they know that only a little is needed to make a happy life, and a little is never lacking. There is no end to the things in this world that they do not want. They think my business friend is "chained" to his \$25,000-a-year job and are a little sorry for him. In a way it makes them richer than Croesus. It is what Diogenes meant when he said that he was richer than his friend Alexander the Great, who had just conquered the world, because there were more things he did not want than Alexander would ever be able to give him.

My business friends struggle to get more and more things they do not want and will not live to use. Some of them say that when they have piled up a certain amount they will retire and enjoy their lives and perhaps read a Great Book. Very few ever do. They make their pile; and then they become fearful about it. They feel they must make another pile to protect the first one and then another one to protect the protection. The first thing they know, the clock has run out on them. No matter how much money they make, as Thomas Hobbes once said of man, their lives seem "poor, nasty, brutish and short."

Nations are like that, too. They fortify the coast to protect their cities. Then they become fearful again and fortify islands out to sea to protect the coast; then other islands farther out to protect the first islands, and so on. Sometimes, instead of islands, they step in ruthlessly and dominate the small buffer states beyond their borders. It is the same process. All the great civilizations did the same thing in their own day. Crete did it two thousand years before Christ; then Mesopotamia, Egypt, the Greeks in their great days, and of course the Roman Empire.

It is not a happy process. What the Greeks did to the little island of Melos in 400 B.C. is an historical example. If you care for a case of the creeps, read about it in Chapter XVII of Thucydides' *The Peloponnesian War*, one of the Great Books:

"Right, as the world goes," the

Athenians told the Melians, "is only a question between equals in power, while the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must."

III

I had read very little history before I started on the Great Books. But that was no handicap because the Great Books that deal with history are concerned with the philosophy of history rather than history itself. They deal with the principles that run through civilizations and govern the conduct of man.

Each of the older civilizations, like that of the British Empire yesterday and the United States today, was the greatest, richest, and most powerful in the world, and each thought it would continue forever. But the same economic and social forces that ebb and flow today went to work in them and each one lasted only about 500 years on its way up and down. Before and after, none of them was of any or much consequence. Did you ever think of that? The philosopher Spengler has a lot to say about it, if you care to go into it deeply.

The pattern is unchanging in the long view. The Presidents of the United States of my day range from Roosevelt I with his Square Deal to Roosevelt II with his New Deal. Read Plutarch's *Lives* if you care to see many of their ancient prototypes. There is nothing new in politics that is not old in the Great Books.

And unfortunately the reign of a

good ruler has always been the most dangerous to the liberties of the people. That was pointed out by John Locke in his second treatise, *Concerning Civil Government*. It is because the people trust a good ruler and are fond of him and allow him to establish precedents. Then along come his inferior successors who can fasten onto these precedents for their own unwise or unscrupulous purposes.

But I am not a philosopher of pessimism, please — though I thought I might be, after my first Great Books class. The first book on our list in chronological order is Homer's *Iliad*, which is not an epic about the Trojan War as I used to think it was. The Trojan war lasted ten years and we have a pretty good idea that it was not fought over the pin-up girl, Helen, but over the control of the rich trade routes of the day.

The *Iliad* does not cover ten years. It covers only a matter of days; and the peg on which everything is hung is not the Trojan War but the wrath of Achilles. Altogether it is about the love and hate and emotional and moral nature of man and his social and political conduct away back there where history hardly begins.

And it might just as well have been written about man right now today. Yes, we go to war today in tanks and airplanes instead of chariots, and kill wholesale instead of retail; and maybe that is an improvement and maybe not. But whatever it is, it is a change in gadgets only, not a change or improvement in man himself — inside.

"Man will become more clever and sagacious," Goethe said, "but not better, happier, or showing more resolute wisdom; or at least only at periods."

In the long view, man seems to have been fully conscious only in spots. But it is the spots that count. Christ was one of them. So were Lao-tse and Buddha and Plato and all the great and good company of wise men in the Great Books. They are those who have thought and said the best that has ever been thought and said in this world.

There will be more of them, and more and more, is my faith. So there is indeed a future for a philosophy of optimism, for every man who contributes one improved unit in himself obviously leavens the whole.

IV

Some individuals in the Great Books class are beginning philosophers now in their own right; and I shall be surprised if we do not hear from them later. In the past we have been only a handful. Last year there were not enough of us to form more than one small class in the Chicago Loop. But this year something like a stampede to the Great Books took place. We now have nine night classes in the Loop, and more out on the Quadrangles. They work night and day shifts out there. And each class has twenty or more students. The Great Books are suddenly big business. As Jimmy Durante, the night-club philosopher,

would say, "Everybody is trying to get into the act. There is the conditions that prevail."

My guess is that many of the newcomers are escapists from war nerves or from a world now out of joint for them. If so, they have come to a sanctuary. It is not Shangri-la, but it is a world of philosophy and reason. And it will do.

For the most part we are or look like more or less worldly adults: lawyers, teachers, engineers, executives, high and low pressure salesmen, wealthy men and wage earners, older women and rich wives, strangely earnest glamour girls and here and there an impressively learned man or woman who speaks English with difficulty.

My business friends are curious about the mechanics of this class and about how much time it takes, the entrance requirements, the cost, and so on.

I am glad to say that there is no formal entrance examination. That would keep too many good people from trying to enroll. The examination such as it is comes in the first class after you have read the first of the Great Books. It continues in the next class on the next book and goes ahead on the same basis for as long as you last. It is no doubt the world's most durable examination. It is guaranteed not for just a year, but forever. It is highly stimulating. Some beginners say they have to take a sleeping pill afterward at bedtime.

The cost is \$20 a year and a few

dollars more for the ten to fifteen Great Books of the year. The year runs from October to June, and there are sixteen two-hour classes. My class is in the Loop from 7:30 to 9:30 every other Monday evening.

Two hand-picked faculty members — not one, but two — handle each class. Only one of them is ever the kind who has led a sheltered life. He asks the soft and genial questions that lead you out. The other, a neolithic type, asks the brass-knuckle questions.

They deny they are being teachers because in this class the Great Books are the teachers. But we know what we know about that. All they seem to do is ask questions, but these questions are all in the deadly Socratic dialectic. You do not stand a chance unless you have done an honest job of reading and thinking; and not then until you learn how to read a Great Book. You have to stop and apply practically everything in a Great Book to life today, for a Great Book is great because the principles in it are ageless.

When I started five years ago we began on the list of Great Books in chronological order. Along with Homer we had the whole Greek cycle, then the Roman cycle. Then we superimposed the Hebrew and Christian philosophies on top of those two.

A man with a knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in those three or four great periods of time is educated in the Liberal Arts. I had almost said *completely* educated in the Liberal Arts, but that would

leave out astronomy and music. The astronomers and the great masters of our great music came later in point of time.

As it is we derive our drama, poetry, geometry and abstract philosophy from Greece; our jurisprudence and the cohesive and coercive structure of our society from Rome; our manners and usages from the ways that were deeply planted by Moses and the prophets, and, of course, our Christian way of life from Christ and the apostles. I sometimes wonder what those three or four civilizations would have thought and said if they had had astronomy and had known that they were living on a third-rate planet in a tenth-rate solar system. I think they would have taken it in stride as we do now.

They did not know astronomy but they knew much that we know no better today. They had leisure for awareness. They were not possessed by their gadgets. The range of their awareness had no fences. Offhand, I recall one of the old Greek writers saying that he would not build a fence around his home because it would be just something else to take care of. They knew the value of leisure and how to use it to enlarge their minds and their lives.

For reading pleasure I especially like the Greeks. Pretty nearly all of them lived in two overlapping generations about 400 B.C. Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides wrote the great tragedies of pity and terror. Aristophanes set the world's pace in

comedy. His *Lysistrata* was revived and played on Broadway not so long ago. It is about a sit-down strike by the women against their men who go to war. It is a Rabelaisian comedy. Herodotus and Thucydides set the patterns for history; Hippocrates for medicine; Euclid for geometry; Plato for philosophy; Aristotle for rhetoric, ethics and pretty nearly everything else he got his hands on.

V

After our third year in the Great Books class and after we had had the three or four great ancient cycles, we began shopping around. Now we skip two thousand years or more from one of the ancient greats to one of today's, or to one or more of them in between. We follow an idea from the cradle up. Sometimes we have the same book or part of it over again, but not often; indeed, not often enough, for a Great Book is like a great symphony. It is always a little over your head, and you keep going back to it from time to time for life.

I have been asked if the Bible is one of the Great Books. It is, indeed. For poetry, imagery, philosophy and elevation of thought it is incomparable. Many Great Books likewise deal with things of the spirit. Socrates believed in one God. When his friends asked him how he wished to be buried, he said, "Any way you like if you can catch me." As he had come out of infinity, it seemed reasonable to him that he would go back into it.

When they put Thoreau in prison, he said that all they had under lock and key were some flesh and blood and bones, but not him. His spirit was free to roam the world at will. Gandhi, I am told, reads Thoreau and is influenced by him.

Marcus Aurelius was a Stoic and not a Christian, but his conception of God is complete and humble. "Consider," he said, "that the great universe, of which you are only a trivial speck, is governed by fixed laws, and be therefore content in all things, and especially to die at any time, and abide God's will of thee, whether of individual future life or dissolution into universal mind and matter." Nothing by Marcus Aurelius, who was Plato's philosopher-king if ever there were one, is overwrought or overstated.

This year the list of books we are reading is strange. Some of the books have a continuing tradition of more than usual controversy. But they are books that have had a profound influence on many governments and on masses of men, and may again. Some of the combinations look like sacrilege, and we have to be patient with them. The differences in them are many; but the likenesses are also many, and when these likenesses begin to dawn on us we are often as astonished as children.

This is our present list:

Start with Plato's Socrates in the *Apology* and in *Crito*; then read Thoreau in his chapter "On Civil Disobedience."

Next, Marx's *Communist Manifesto* and

then Pope Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*.

Then Machiavelli's *The Prince* and Hitler's chapter on "The State" in *Mein Kampf*, the unexpurgated Reynal and Hitchcock edition; Rousseau's *Social Contract*, Chapters 1 through 6, and Locke's second treatise *Concerning Civil Government*.

Descartes' *Discourse on Method* and Dewey's *Reconstruction in Philosophy*.

Plato's *Symposium* and *Phaedrus* and Freud's *History of the Psychoanalytic Movement*.

Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

Aristotle's *Poetics* and Maritain's *Art and Scholasticism*.

For the most part these readings are short. But none is fast reading. For our class at the University of Chicago we read this list as homework and form our own judgments. But any judgment we come to is valid only if we can define it and defend it under any circumstances. The class is chari-

table and forbearing but hard on any one who offers half-truths or quickies. Half-truths and quickies and generalities, we believe, are much of what is the matter with the world. They are nearly always dangerous.

Your nearest librarian can give you a full list of the Great Books and supply the books free. But of course do not tear pages out of library books or mark them up. For tearing and annotating, you buy new editions of your own or second-hand copies for a few small coins. Old or new, the Great Books are the same inside. They are not quick and easy reading — not something for nothing; you really have to work at them. But if you do, they are an education and a delight. They will give you a long view and the philosophy to go with it; they will enlarge your mind and heart.



Nature —

Nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered, occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, gathered with difficulty.

— BYRON

Those things which are perfected by Nature are better than those which are finished by art.

— CICERO

The investigation of Nature is an infinite pleasure ground, where all may graze, and where the more bite, the longer the grass grows, the sweeter is its flavor, and the more it nourishes.

— T. H. HUXLEY

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Predictions and Reflections

AT THIS period last year, I occupied these pages with forty-five predictions concerned with the theatrical season to come. In doing so, I allowed that at the beginning of a number of past seasons I had offered similar predictions in various directions which had honored me by turning out to be strangely accurate and that their politeness in obliging me had emboldened me once again to risk my neck as a clairvoyant. Not only letters thereupon soon began coming in offering reasons for dubbing me in anticipation a prophet behind the crystal 8-ball, but several friends of the press echoed my embarrassing fate.

Of the forty-five predictions, ten which were predicated on events only if they were to take place still remain open to future question, since the events did not take place. I thus predicted that if Eugene O'Neill saw fit at last to permit the production of his play, *The Iceman Cometh*, which he had completed three years before, it would win both the Pulitzer and Critics' Circle prizes hands down and would be a great box-office success to boot. Though urged to do so, O'Neill refused to allow its production. I also said that O'Neill, however urged, would under no circumstances permit

the production of a second long since completed play, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. He didn't.

Zoë Akins' play, treating of three elderly, quondam beauties, which I predicted, if produced, would win high critical praise for the originality of its theme was also not put on. Nor did Mayor La Guardia's City Center inaugurate a policy of Christmas pantomime in the Drury Lane manner which, had it been inaugurated, would, I observed, be eminently successful. Similarly, there was no revival of *Rip Van Winkle*, for which I predicted certain success; nor did Lillian Hellman offer a new play, which, had she done so, would, I guessed, forego to a degree her partiality for political and sociological exercises and be more in the line of a character study; nor was there the planned revival of *The Belle of New York*, which I foretold would inevitably be botched by miscasting the old Edna May rôle; nor could my prediction that any play which began with a radio in operation would not succeed be held against me, since no such potential turkey was disclosed.

Judith Anderson, for whom I predicted high personal success whatever the nature of the play she appeared in, elected to appear not at all. Nor did

the Lunts, who remained in England. Nor did the promised revival of Oscar Straus' *The Waltz Dream*, for which, if well done, I argued success.

So much for that.

II

Of the remaining thirty-five prognostications on subsequent actual happenings, all of thirty-two obligingly turned out to be correct; two are still in the doubtful category; and one was wrong, with a qualification.

As for the still doubtful predictions, I said that the public was due at the season's end to get tired of ballets incorporated into musical shows and would next season be ready to call quits. I may be right; I may be wrong. I also said that it would be the last season that ice skating shows would retain their enormous hold on the public. I doubt it, but let's wait and see. The one qualified error concerned the prediction that "of the new plays that may be tried out in the small summer theatres none will prove to be of any real quality." *Dark Of The Moon* was tried out in such theatre. The qualification rests in the fact that it had already been produced some time previously in the theatre of the University of Idaho and was accordingly not strictly a summer theatre discovery.

Correctly predicted were the following:

1. The box-office fate of plays dealing with sailors, the absence of any quality, the leaning toward the risqué, etc.

2. The lack of any merit in the

plays put on by the experimental groups.

3. The failure of the majority of the moving picture actresses who would venture onto the dramatic stage.

4. The weather attending the premières at the National Theatre.

5. The failure of Hollywood playwrights in any serious dramatic direction, along with the similar failure of former playwrights who had sacrificed their talents to the pictures for any considerable period.

6. The failure of any dirty musical comedy book.

7. The failure of any play touching dramatically or humorously on Hollywood life. (There was no play touching dramatically, but the one sketch touching humorously was not accepted.)

8. The success of any professional Shakespearean revival, even if the play were not particularly well done.

9. The lack of quality in any play dealing in one way or another with the world upheaval. The prediction was that at least four such plays would be produced. The prediction was right.

10. Correct also was that "it will again be a big year for entertainment, with serious drama occupying a distinctly minor position."

11. The general poverty of any new plays offered by English playwrights, including the number that would be produced.

12. "There will be several propaganda plays by Americans, not one of which . . . will have anything to recommend it critically; nevertheless,

newspaper reviews of one or two will be something pretty fancy." O.K.

13. The much greater success of dramatizations of novels.

14. The failure of certain established playwrights to improve upon their best previous work.

15. The improvement in the specific case of Paul Osborn.

16. The failure of plays dealing with five different, specific themes.

17. The quality of plays backed by the motion picture interests.

18. "Following the great success of *The Voice Of The Turtle*, there will be several similar small-cast ventures, only one of which at most will capture the slightest public interest." *The Glass Menagerie* turned out to be the exception. Such as *Errand For Bernice* and *A Strange Play* failed.

19. The exact nature of all interviews given by star actresses.

20. The exact nature of all musical shows' stage lighting.

21. The failure of any kind of play that would deal with horse racing.

22. The arbitrary award of the Pulitzer Prize.

23. The inevitable costuming of young leading male actors in military uniforms or the playwrights' laborious explanation why they did not happen to be in service.

24. The failure of Billy Rose to fulfil his announced schedule of six productions.

25. The failure of any dream play. (*Foolish Notion*, a commercial success, safely tricked the old dream stuff into the characters' "imaginations.")

26. "At least three exhibits which will be treated roughly by the reviewers will succeed in spite of them, and at least one which will be praised will fail at the box-office." *School For Brides*, *Catherine Was Great* and *Foolish Notion* succeeded. *Sing Out, Sweet Land!* failed.

27. The lesser success record, as against the previous season, of the Theatre Guild.

28. The big success with the critics of three novice actresses and two novice actors. The actresses: Hilda Simms, Judy Holliday, Mary Welch. The actors: Frederick O'Neal and John Lund.

29. The two psychological thrillers which would be compared with *Angel Street* to their discredit.

30. The nature of the criticism of the various mystery plays.

31. "The projected musical version of Molnar's *Liliom* by the Rodgers-Hammerstein combination is certain of success."

32. The certain New York failure of *Rebecca* after its considerable success on the road.

III

Again thanking the statistics for saving my oracular neck, I herewith dare to offer several predictions for the next theatrical season:

1. Any attempt to imitate the "mood" staging quality of *The Glass Menagerie* will fail, and badly.

2. Most returned-soldier theme plays will lack quality and will fail.

3. The Hollywood actors and actresses who will come into the theatre for the first time will, with possibly one exception, choose poor plays for their epiphanies and will soon go back to where they came from.

4. The percentage of successfully dramatized novels will be less than in the past season.

5. Not more than one at most of various plays dealing with the war will be worth the critical powder to blow it up.

6. The Lunts, despite the bad notices which their announced vehicle, the English *Love In Idleness*, will surely get, will make money at the box-office.

7. There will be at least two musical plays strainfully "integrated" in imitation of the Mamoulian handling of *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*, and they will be pretty dull.

8. The next Pulitzer Prize, after the award to *Harvey*, will be visited not upon any comedy, however good, but arbitrarily upon some serious play.

9. All predictions as to plays and performances which remained in abey-

ance last season will hold in the cases of the same plays and performances if they show up this coming season.

10. There will be one or more attempts to utilize the works of famous composers in musical exhibits imitative of *Song Of Norway*. They will not measure up to the latter's success.

11. There will be the usual dose of so-called psychological thrillers, only one of which at the very most will be even fair.

12. New York will reverse the out-of-town notices, whether good or bad, of at least half a dozen plays and shows, especially the notices in New Haven and Philadelphia, and probably Detroit.

13. Any play showing a bed on its stage will have a tougher time of it with the critics than it anticipates.

14. These themes will find the going hard: anti-Fascism, the future of the Jews, marital infidelity, life after death, mistaken identity, the virtue of democracy, and the fear of dictatorship in America.

15. Only one play with more than three children in its cast will get by.



HOWEVER men may differ in their ideas of grandeur or of government here, the grave is nevertheless a perfect republic.

— THOMAS PAINE

EVERYTHING possible to be believed is an image of the truth.

— WILLIAM BLAKE

HISTORY is the only way to attain a knowledge of one's condition.

— SAVIGNY

YANKEE ICE KING

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

IF THEY think about the matter at all, most people think of ice as a God-given beneficence, much in the same category as sunlight and water. Yet the use of ice in the warmer parts of the world is comparatively new. The first shipment of natural ice to the tropics was made in 1806 from Massachusetts to Martinique in the West Indies. Fourteen years later, Charleston, South Carolina, received its first shipment of ice from the same source; and New Orleans got its first cooling draught in 1821. The ice in each instance had been harvested and shipped by an enterprising young Yankee maverick named Frederic Tudor. For his great contribution to the comfort and refreshment of civilization — the shipping of ice to hot climes — Tudor earned the title of Ice King of the United States, and eventually of the world.

Cutting and storing ice was not a new idea to the Yankees of cold New England in 1806. For perhaps thirty years a few of them had made a practice of cutting a small quantity and storing it in their cellars. The same was true of New Yorkers; and there is evidence that George Washington cut and stored a little ice at Mount Vernon after the Revolutionary War.

But there had never been an ice *business*, not even in New England. Nobody sold ice. Hence, in 1806 when young Tudor proposed to ship ice to hot and far-off Martinique he was considered little less than mad.

Born of a prominent Boston family in 1783, Tudor did not, like his brothers, attend Harvard, which he considered "a place for loafers, like all colleges." He went to work in a Boston shipping office at the age of thirteen. Eight years later, after a voyage through the West Indies, he conceived his great idea — a tremendous piece of imagination for the time: he would cut the thick ice on a pond owned by his father, on the Tudor country place in Saugus, northeast of Boston, and ship it in cakes to Martinique and other hot islands in the Caribbean.

Tudor was a strong-willed youth; otherwise he could not have carried out an idea that almost everyone had considered fantastic. But he was a true fanatic to whom the misfortunes and public ridicule that dog the steps of all great innovators were merely a challenge. With barely sufficient cash to pay for cutting the Saugus ice in the winter of 1805-1806 and to charter a ship, he sent two men in advance

to the port of St. Pierre on Martinique to prepare for his arrival. In March 1806 Tudor himself reached port in the brig *Favorite*, her hold packed with 130 tons of cold blue cakes, only to discover that his advance men had done nothing — in fact were not even present.

Tudor knew that ice was only a vague rumor to the natives of Martinique; they would have to be educated to its use. And now with a cargo of it at the dock, and the sun beating down, he realized he must move swiftly or lose his entire cargo to the heat.

Always a man of quick decision and action, the young Yankee at once sought out the proprietor of the Tivoli Gardens, an eating and drinking place, and proposed to him to freeze "ice creams" for sale over the counter. The skeptical proprietor had never seen any ice or ice cream.

Ice cream, as we know it today, was the result of an evolutionary process spanning some five centuries. Water ice, which we call sherbet, appears to have been made in France and Italy for the nobility with snow fetched from the high Alps. Emperor Nero is said to have enjoyed this dish. Marco Polo tasted frozen milk ices in Asia. Charles I of England imported a French chef to make ice cream. And a product very much like our ice cream of today was introduced into the United States before the end of the eighteenth century. On June 8, 1786, a Mr. Hall of 76 Chatham Street, New York City, advertised

some for sale as a novelty. Dolly Madison was the first First Lady to serve ice cream in the President's Palace, as the White House was then called.

But neither ice nor ice cream had ever been seen in the West Indies, and Tudor had to use all his powers of persuasion to get the Tivoli Gardens man into a receptive mood. Tudor persisted, freezing the mixtures himself in some sort of a stirring machine packed with cracked ice and salt. On the first night "more than \$300 worth of ice creams" were sold at the Tivoli to astonished and deliriously happy customers.

The proprietor also was happy and no longer skeptical. "He became as humble as a mushroom," Tudor quaintly remarked. The local newspaper hailed "this remarkable epoch in the history of luxury and enterprise which began March 6 [1806] when ice creams were eaten here probably for the first time since the settlement of this country, lying fourteen degrees north of the equator." It was an event of the first importance — but for Tudor a costly one. What he termed the "decay" of the ice had been so great that he incurred a loss of almost \$3,500. It served to teach him that he must find some better way of packing ice aboard ship than in the hay he had used in this first cargo; and also that, rather than selling the ice direct from the ship, he must establish insulated warehouses at his ports of call. He returned to Boston to seek capital.

II

Long delay loomed. The high seas became troubled as France and Great Britain struggled for dominance. President Thomas Jefferson of the United States proposed and Congress passed (1807) the Embargo Act, forbidding departure of any vessel from an American to a foreign port. American shipping all but ceased. For three years Tudor managed his father's farm in Saugus and experimented with model ice houses, trying out various methods of insulation. Then, in 1810, with no capital, he went to Cuba and by the sheer force of his dynamic nature succeeded in prevailing on the Spanish colonial government to grant him a monopoly in ice for six years.

Back again in Boston, Tudor borrowed money to buy a ship and to prepare lumber and timber for what was to be the first real ice house ever built. Then came the War of 1812, which prevented his return to Cuba. When he failed to meet interest payments on his loan, he was lodged in Cambridge jail. Later he gained his release by pawning his fine watch. In 1815, "pursued by sheriffs to the very wharf," Tudor got away with his cargo of lumber; and in Havana he proceeded to construct the first building ever designed to preserve a large quantity of ice above ground. It was finished in time to house his first cargo.

Sales in Havana started slowly, but picked up as soon as Tudor induced

coffee houses and bars to go into the new business of selling iced drinks and ice cream. "Drink, Spaniards," he wrote in his *Ice House Diary*, his constant companion, "drink and be cool, that I, who have suffered so much in the cause, may be able to go home and keep myself warm." While the happy Spaniards and natives were drinking their first cold beverages and eating their first ice cream, Tudor took stock of the performance of his first ice house.

This building had been ingeniously constructed. Made of timber and boards, with a double partition and dead space between the walls, its heavy plank floor was guttered to admit narrow troughs, like eaves' spouts, which caught the water from the "decaying" ice and conveyed it to a barrel outside. Watch in hand, Tudor stationed himself at the barrel, timed the flow and weighed it. The run-off of water was first a disappointing fifty-six pounds an hour. Tudor added a deeper bank of shavings over the top layer of ice. The run-off dropped to thirty-odd pounds. He piled up earth around the building, at last reducing the flow to a mere eighteen pounds an hour — which he considered the minimum to be expected.

The Havana cargo paid out pretty. Leaving an agent in the Cuban city, Tudor went on to Martinique where he got a ten-year monopoly from the French government. He built an ice house in St. Pierre and left an agent there. Back again in Massachusetts he began to buy cutting

rights in the many ponds around Boston, including the soon-to-be-celebrated Walden Pond. He erected storage houses by the ponds. He got another vessel. He wanted better insulating material, and tried rice chaff, wheat, tan bark, coal dust and pulverized cork. None was good enough. Then in a moment of brilliant inspiration, he hit upon one of the most obvious materials in all New England — pine sawdust. Now he had it. Pine sawdust worked famously, and the first cargoes packed in this aromatic refuse from Yankee sawmills carried the ice through the hot Caribbean with little loss from evaporation. Tudor was elated.

The man was a dynamo of ideas and action. He devised an air-tight hatch for his ships. He contracted for sawdust from all sawmills in the neighborhood. He invaded the South, putting up an ice house and landing a cargo at Charleston in 1820; another in New Orleans a year later. He invented what he called a "refrigerating jar," a sort of primeval thermos container. He told his agents how to get business. "It may require years," he said, "to build up a big business. We must force our plan beyond the natural course of things." He told his agents to give the jars free to such barkeepers as would agree to sell cold drinks at the same price as warm ones. If the jar were not sufficient inducement, then the agent was to supply free ice for a period, even for a year. But the barkeepers had to agree unconditionally to sell the iced

drinks just as cheaply as the warm. Tudor was later to formulate many more high-pressure ideas to expand the use of ice, but now he turned his attention to the technology of production.

III

Among Tudor's options for cutting ice was Fresh Pond in Cambridge. The owner of Fresh Pond Hotel was Jacob Wyeth, whose son Nathaniel had some novel ideas about harvesting ice. In what was a most fortunate moment for Tudor, he hired young Wyeth in 1824 as superintendent of cutting operations. With a drive equal to that of his employer and an almost limitless ingenuity, Nat Wyeth quickly revolutionized the method of harvesting. He devised special saws — one operated by horse power — and a scorer for marking the ice into cake sizes. He invented special tools, such as pickaroons and tongs. He made a great auger to bore through a field of ice that had water on top to be drained. He adopted the curved slip and endless chain used in sawmills — making a moving belt line from pond to warehouse. Under impetus of Wyeth's mechanical genius and Tudor's salesmanship in foreign parts, the ice shipped by Tudor rose from 4,000 tons in 1826 to 12,000 tons in 1836, to 65,000 tons in 1846.

Tudor took care of promotion. He ordered his agents to aid in establishment of ice cream manufacturing and vending places. Doctors and

nurses were told of the great thaumaturgic properties of ice packs, and of cooling drinks. Tudor had handbills printed and broadcast, describing how food could be preserved with ice. And wherever it had been introduced by Tudor's agents, the use of carbonated water was urged. *Iced*, of course.

The first glass of carbonated water of historical record was made in 1767 by Joseph Priestly, the celebrated English Unitarian divine who also discovered oxygen. This soda water, as Americans today know it, was first bottled and sold as the Nephite Julep by Townsend Speakman, a Philadelphia druggist, in 1805. Speakman's contribution to America's appetite for soft drinks was the addition of fruit flavors to the plain carbonated water. Soda pop was the result. Then, about 1832, John Matthews, a brass founder of Massachusetts, invented the soda fountain, by which soda water could be automatically made and dispensed. It was soon discovered by Frederic Tudor that these fountain drinks were much improved when the mixing materials were iced. Tudor and his agents, you may be sure, saw that they were iced.

Tudor was the first to send northern fruits into the tropics; he packed rows of big Baldwin apples into his ice-laden ships, and sold them in the Southern states and later in the West Indies and India, where they brought fantastically high prices. But his sole attempt to bring tropical fruit to the United States, packed in hay and ice,

met with disaster; the ship was set afire by spontaneous combustion. The idea, however, was sound. Tudor wrote a letter in which he foresaw a huge business in the bringing of tropical fruits to the United States.

Now came troubles aplenty. Tudor's Havana agent, one Damon, had renewed the ice-monopoly agreement with the Spanish government — but in Damon's name. For the next ten years Tudor fought a court battle to regain what was rightfully his; in the meantime he received no income from his Cuban investment. Then, in 1834, Tudor invested approximately \$150,000 — giving mortgages on his properties and promises to pay — in a gigantic speculation in coffee. It failed miserably; Tudor was left with no cash and a business that was mortgaged for more than it was worth. He was thrown into jail for debt.

Tudor met the disaster with characteristic directness. Turn me loose, he told his creditors, turn me loose and I will pay all my obligations. I cannot pay them if I remain here in jail. They did turn him loose, and fourteen years later he had paid off every penny of principal and interest — a total of \$280,154.59. His recovery from the coffee disaster, and his winning of complete economic independence in 1849, was due to Tudor's successful invasion of the East Indies and his roughshod and efficient manner of handling a rising competition.

Other Yankees who had at first ridiculed Tudor now became interested in the ice exporting business.

They began bidding for cutting rights in the handiest ponds. Tudor beat them down. Nor did he stop with ponds. Up the Merrimack river he went, up the Androscoggin, up the Kennebec, and soon hundreds of farm boys in those regions were spending their winters cutting river ice for Tudor. He met all competition head-on and slugging. He did not hesitate to sell a whole cargo at a dead loss in order to undercut a competitor. He refused to employ cutters or teamsters who had worked for competing concerns. At one time in the 1840's he had at least fifteen competitors. Only two seem to have survived the decade, and they were in the London market.

For some reason Tudor appears never to have considered the British Isles. But in the hot parts of the world the Ice King was supreme. In the 1830's he had invaded India. On the day he learned that one of his cargoes, after having been at sea four months and having crossed the equator twice, had arrived at Calcutta with little lost in transit due to melting, Tudor was proud enough to burst. This first cargo of ice to far-off India was an adventure that appealed to American business men. And Tudor, the mad man, became a respected and romantic figure of commerce. The Calcutta cargo paid off handsomely, and so did others to Madras and Bombay. Ice was a marvel to the Indians. Tudor's skipper, Captain Littlefield, related how at first many of the indignant natives wanted their money back after

leaving their purchases in the sun for a few moments. Others attempted to keep the ice by immersing it in water. A few careful souls even salted the product; and when the ice promptly disappeared, they thought the stuff was magic, an optical illusion. One Parsee asked Captain Littlefield if this strange material grew on trees or was mined.

IV

The use of ice gradually became a habit — to the glory and income of the Ice King. When Tudor was sixty-five years old in 1849, he was indubitably the Ice King of the world. In that year he shipped 150,000 tons — to the East and West Indies, to South America, to San Francisco, to Persia. In London, Edward Everett of Boston met the ambassador from Persia who told the American that the greatest benefit his country had known in recent times was the introduction of ice from Boston. After many years of hard going, Tudor had given ice to the world and had become wealthy and respected.

As old age came upon him, Tudor grew a distinguished white beard to match his snow-white head of hair. He was a short man and slight, never weighing above 135 pounds; yet he was a natural commander and maintained an almost military discipline among his employees. The record indicates him to have been a martinet. To the last he wore a blue frock coat with great brass buttons. His motto,

written in his own hand in his *Ice House Diary*, tells something of his character: "He who gives back at the first repulse and without striking a second blow despairs of success, has never been, is not, and never will be a hero in war, love, or business."

Out of long habit the old man never failed to watch the weather closely in winter. "The frost covers the windows," he wrote in his *Diary*, "the wheels creek, the boys run, winter rules, and \$50,000 worth of Ice floats for me on Fresh Pond." (He always wrote "Ice" with a capital.) Once an unseasonable thaw drove Tudor frantic. As the eaves continued to drip, he tore out of his house, bought or rented a vast quantity of sail cloth, had it hurried to one of his ponds and spread on poles like a tent — and kept the accursed sun from getting at the ice.

Four years before his death in 1864,

at eighty, the Ice King had the satisfaction of seeing his ships carrying his wares to fifty-three ports all over the world. In 1860 he sent out 363 cargoes. And in that year, "feeling the Ice business becoming a wild beast in its demands," he turned management of his company over to a son. The Tudor Ice Company continued to flourish for another quarter of a century, or until natural ice began to give way before inroads of the artificially made product.

The genius of Frederic Tudor influenced the habits of millions of people in all of the warmer civilized regions of the world. He also converted something that had no value into an asset that for well over a century provided a livelihood for thousands of Yankees. It was the Ice King, too, who made mint juleps possible in the Deep South. Tudor is one Yankee who assuredly deserves a good word from all the people down there.



GRANDE DAME

BY MARY POOLE

THE sea has a bitter, wrinkled face.
She walks the world in a taffeta skirt
With rustling flounces of foaming lace
Bright with the dust of mariners' bones.

WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT BACKACHE

BY AIKEN WELCH

ACCORDING to one of New York's most distinguished bone specialists, "There are about fifty-six causes of backache, and it does not discriminate between the sexes."

We all recognize many varieties of pains in the back. There's the kind that disappears with exercise and limbering up; and the kind that disappears with rest. There's the typist's backache, the telephone girl's and the farmer's. Laundresses, waiters, barbers, counter men and shop girls are victims of occupational backache. And there are also back pains that result from middle age, athletic weekends and overweight.

Like falling on the ice, backache often seems funny to the spectator. Many an old grad returning to an alumni reunion kicks a football with his ancient vigor — and the next day goes groaning to his doctor. Father-and-son field days, when Dad shows off his gymnastic prowess, often cost him dearly, while Son sympathetically tries to suppress a smile. Amateur horticulturists discover they have

backs after an enthusiastic spring afternoon of gardening. They forget that even veteran field hands have to give their backs a week to limber up.

Indeed, backache is so common that one of the pioneer investigators of the constitutional factor in disease — the theory that a certain type of build tends toward certain specific ailments — denies any relation between human type and recurrent backache. "It's like measles. Nearly everybody gets it, regardless of his structure."

There can, of course, be serious causes, such as tuberculosis of the spine, kidney or gall bladder disease and even stomach ulcers. Many people endure agony from burning sciatic pain, resulting from an involvement of the roots of the nerves which lead to the legs. And osteomyelitis — an infection of the bone marrow — may cause backache, as may the after-effects of infantile paralysis.

There are a number of congenital malformations that can cause trouble; some serious, others more annoying than alarming. An accountant found

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that his back ached whenever he stood still for any length of time, watching a parade or waiting for a bus. His doctor discovered that, like so many other individuals, he had a slight asymmetry: one leg was imperceptibly longer than the other. The unequal distribution of stress of the weight-bearing bones of the body and their surrounding muscles led to distress. A slight readjustment in the thickness of the sole of one shoe sufficed to readjust his balance and banish the ache.

Some patients complain of suffering from a sacro-iliac pain, down around the small of the back. On rare occasions, the doctor may find they have Marie Struempell's arthritis, a little-understood inflammation of the spine that leads to an unbending, poker-stiff back. Usually they are experiencing a far more common form of arthritis, which our grandparents used to call rheumatics or lumbago. While this may stiffen up the joints of the back, it is a less serious condition. Actually lumbago is thought of as a muscle or tendon inflammation, probably resulting from an infection.

President James Buchanan, Lincoln's predecessor, suffered from torticollis or wryneck, a contraction of the large muscle of the neck which pulls the head to one side. But there are numerous other kinds of upper back disabilities, with causes ranging from sprains and dislocations to rheumatic fever. Cervical arthritis can produce an upper extremity pain not responsive to the usual medical treatment of diathermy and massage,

but occasionally helped by X-ray therapy.

Whether the back pain is low or high, however, the sufferer tends to believe that his symptoms indicate a serious condition.

II

Yet despite all the alarming possibilities medical men generally agree that by far the most common cause of backache is bad posture. Although we may have been intended to stand erect, the human skeleton is not designed for that purpose.

The human spine consists of small, almost cylindrical bones called vertebrae, which fit into each other like an interlocking puzzle and form an upright, slender letter S. The shoulders and back of the chest form the upper and backward curve. The middle curve bends forward down the lower spine, and at the base it tends to curve backward again. The forward part of the S is the lumbar region, and the low backward curve, the sacrum. As long as the S is not too pronounced in shape, the spine is in good position.

At the base of the spine there is an area no bigger than a man's hand, which, according to anatomists, is still in the process of evolution. Eventually this part will change to accommodate the erect position. Now it is responsible for more congenital malformations than any other section of the body. Sacro-iliac sufferers complain about this particular area. Even the healthy who are just beginning to feel their

backs have to pay attention to it. For here is where good posture begins.

One prominent orthopedist has a long mirror in his office in which he asks his patients to survey themselves as they look caught off guard. What a shock! Can that miserable creature with a drooping chest and a humpy neck be a reflection of the handsome fellow who is looking into the mirror?

"Now stand straight," directs the doctor. Almost invariably the patient sticks out his chest, throws back his shoulders and sways his back into the exaggerated S curve. This so-called lordosis not only has a comic appearance, but it involves a wrong concept of posture. It forces the spine into such a sharp angle with the pelvic bone that if it were not happily attached, it would slip right off.

So the doctor pushes the pelvis forward into place to demonstrate that good posture must begin from the bottom up. The abdomen and buttock muscles are now sucked up, a deep breath restores the chest and shoulders to position, and the patient returns to the mirror.

Ah, now, this is how he really looks, this fine figure of a man who bulges nowhere, head straight on his shoulders, whose carriage is proud and sure. The upholders of psychosomatic medicine, the newest label for the theory that body and emotions react upon each other, would recognize that his appearance has made him a happy, self-assured individual.

But psychology aside, he is physically better off for good posture. The

inner organs have more room. For example, standing, sitting or walking badly crowds the liver and may well be a contributory cause to that slowing of the circulation called chronic passive congestion. Englishmen, franker than we are about their ailments, often complain of being "liverish." They take to horseback-riding, which exercises them from below and corrects their posture from above.

Proper posture also gives the heart more room to pump in and promotes the exchange of gases in the lungs. Exercise may aid the process. Rolling the outer abdominal muscles will help the emptying of the large intestine and discourage constipation — an associated cause of backache.

Sometimes ten or fifteen minutes of correct posture will make the patient's back more painful than ever. Then he must remember an exercise recommended for the backache that comes from trying to cure it. He stretches out on the floor, raising his knees slightly to help flatten the small of the back. Slowly he straightens out his legs; his muscles relax. If he doesn't go to sleep from sheer relief, he soon rises much refreshed.

III

In association with large and small medical centers throughout the country, there are posture clinics to help adults and children relearn the correct way to carry themselves. Bone specialists who have witnessed the excellent results of posture work are eager for the

public schools to take it over. Where it has been tried experimentally, as in New York's Westchester County schools, there is much evidence to support the need of establishing correct habits early in life. Many ailments growing out of sloppy posture could be corrected while the bones are most pliable. The child can learn to do for himself what evolution will, we hope, do for his descendants.

But all this training can be fruitless, if the body's balance is thrown out of whack by excess weight. A well-known New York teacher of medicine and practising internist says that many of his patients whose X-rays show advanced arthritic or developmental changes of the spine are free of symptoms — until they begin to gain weight. When extra width around the waistline accentuates the letter S and makes good posture impossible, back pain sets in and the doctor has to reach for his diet list as well as his exercise book.

Capitalizing on human laziness and our need to be bludgeoned into doing something for our own good, many beauty salons give diet and exercise courses aimed at restoring their clients to physical radiance. When a customer slumps or breaks her diet, her beauty operator scolds and reminds her — to stand straight and become beautiful.

A well-known Chicago bone specialist says that though these "courses" are expensive, many people get their money's worth. Yet, before embarking on one, it would be wise to make

certain that there is no real spinal malformation or disease. One patient who came to him after a series of beauty sessions, complained that acute back pain was her only reward. He discovered that she had a birth-caused abnormality of the spine.

Numerous physicians frown on osteopathy. Others claim it can frequently be beneficial to backache, provided again that there are no serious anatomical or systemic disturbances beyond the skill or training of the osteopath to detect. Physiotherapy, usually under the supervision of a physician, also contributes its share of relief with massage, heat and the passive manipulation of taut muscles and creaking joints.

The devil's own work and a misbegotten gift of civilization is the inner-spring mattress. A professor of bone surgery in one of the best known medical schools in the country declared that if he had his way it would be a Federal offense to sleep on an inner-spring mattress. During sleep, when the muscles should relax, it causes them to contract unequally. People ought to sleep on hair mattresses, soft enough to be comfortable, hard enough to afford the muscles a rest.

The frequency of mattress-aggravated backache can be seen by the increase in the sale of sleeping boards designed for use between mattress and springs. Lately, a further refinement has been made, a folding board for people who travel. Many who used to wake up with backache can thank this

contrivance not only for a comfortable night but for a comfortable day after.

One of the current fashions in diagnoses calls for a drastic operation. Between the joints of the spine are cushions of cartilage with a core of gelatin-like substance. Sometimes this is squeezed out, causing pressure on the nerve-roots and consequent pain. The doctor will diagnose the condition as herniated nucleus pulposis, and recommend a surgical procedure. Yet many back specialists feel that the operation is performed oftener than it need be. More conservative physicians stretch the affected parts and immobilize the area with adhesive strapping or a plaster bandage.

IV

In women, disturbances of the internal reproductive organs may cause back troubles. The menstrual function brings periodic pain for which a shot of gin often gives relief. And an ovarian cyst, usually an innocent growth on an ovary, can cause backache.

A specialist in women's diseases says that a womb tipped out of its proper position because of a lack of muscular tone results in extreme pain. It often responds to the knee-chest position. The patient kneels on the floor, humps up in back with the trunk at right angles to the lower legs, and then leans her weight on her chest, which touches the floor. This exercise, in his opinion, will harm no woman. But she must learn to do it correctly

or she may maneuver herself *into* a backache instead of out of one.

Frequently, women who blame their special female structure, ought really to blame their vanity, for much backache is caused by French heels and improper shoes. "Talk about the Chinese women binding their feet," a prominent bone specialist fumes, "our women have ruined their posture as well as their feet."

Without resorting to elaborate diagrams, it is easy to see how high heels upset the mechanics of the body and put stress in the wrong place. The body is tilted forward onto the toes; the back must arch in counter-balance. Again the lower curve of the S is accentuated. The edges of the vertebrae then tend to lip over, and the muscles around them become sore.

Whether feminine vanity, which puts French heels in a class with nylon stockings, will ever willingly give up the curve that tapers the lower leg into a flattering line, is a question. But if the same vanity caught a glimpse in a store window of improved posture, head up, no hump in the back of the neck such as every woman dreads, a straight spine and a cheerful pain-free expression, it might well make women think twice about the next pair of French heels.

Sneakers are also bad. Without any protecting arch, the flat shoe serves the human foot badly, frequently causing backache in children, the most ardent wearers of sneakers.

Among the varieties of backache must be included those of purely

psychological origin. One case is that of a man who had left the Merchant Marine, persuaded by his wife to take a desk job. Half an hour of desk work made his back ache miserably. Further inquiry revealed that his wife nagged him and that he felt restless and nervous away from the sea. Mercifully, his doctor advised him to return to the service. Subsequently, the sailor wrote him gratefully that his back trouble had entirely disappeared.

Just the reverse situation was that of a high school boy who finally admitted to his physician that his classmates derided him as a swayback. At a critical moment in a ball game he would be seized with severe pain, fumble the ball, be jeered at and retreat into resentment. To the doctor he seemed surly and unco-operative. On examination, the physician found a birth-caused malformation of the spine at the small of the back in the lumbo-sacral area.

Surgery was necessary. The surgeon

explained that the boy's pain had been excruciatingly real and that he had endured it with courage. Removing the sense of guilt helped the boy to submit to the operation with fairly good grace. With the drama of surgery, the other boys realized that he was not a poor sport and gave him the chance to restore himself as an equal. When the doctor saw him some months after his return to school, his surliness had disappeared along with his back pains.

Backaches resulting from present or past injuries are a subject in themselves. When a man has whacked his coccyx — the anatomical word for a prehensile tail — he has only to bear it patiently until the pain subsides. If a backache persists for no apparent reason, the only safe thing to do is to seek medical advice. It should comfort him to know that an estimated 90 per cent of all cases neither are serious in origin nor require drastic treatment for the removal of pain.



Criticism —

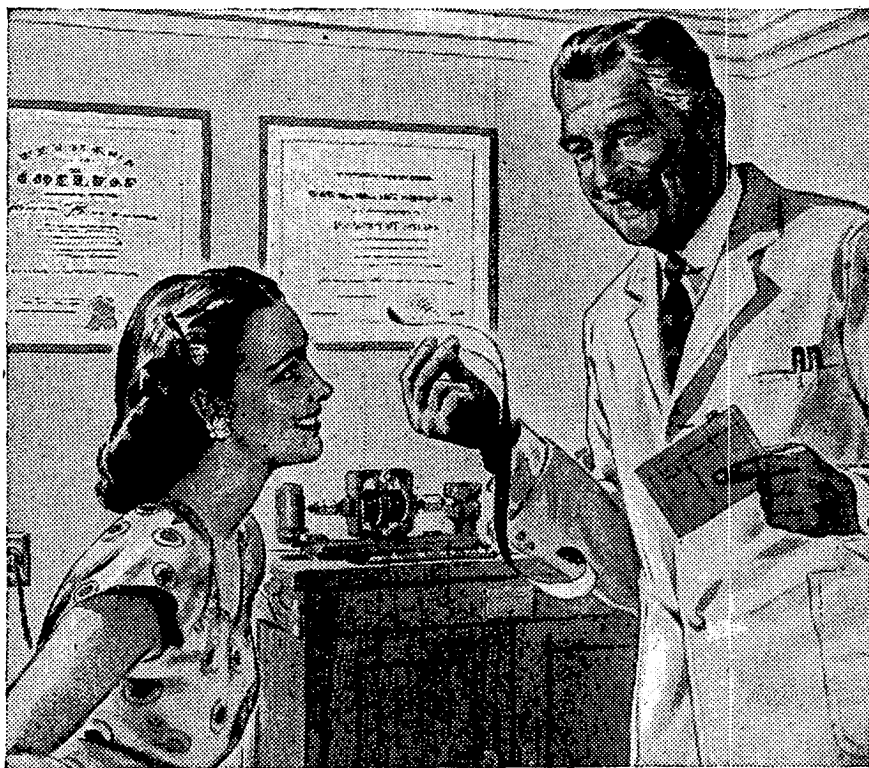
If I tried to read, much less answer, all the criticisms made of me and all the attacks leveled against me, this office would have to be closed for all other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can. I mean to keep on doing this, down to the very end. If the end brings me out all wrong, then ten angels swearing I had been right would make no difference. If the end brings me out all right, then what is said against me now will not amount to anything.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The myths are a mile from the truth

MANY myths and false beliefs have caused misunderstanding of the words, "Heart Disease." And doctors say *this* results in nearly as much trouble as the disease itself.

Truth, based on modern medical science, replaces doubt with facts . . . bringing new hope and comforting reassurance to all who have been worried about their hearts.



Myth #1 If you have the symptoms, you *must* have the disease.

That's not true! Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heartbeat, *may* be signs of heart trouble, but frequently come from other sources.

Consult your doctor immediately when any of these symptoms occur. His diagnosis, aided when necessary by the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph, may enable him to reassure you that you do *not* have heart trouble.

about **HEART DISEASE**



Myth #2 If you're going to get it ...you're going to get it.

That's not true! Everyone, particularly those over 40, can do a great deal to forestall heart disease if they will follow the few simple *rules for a healthy heart.*

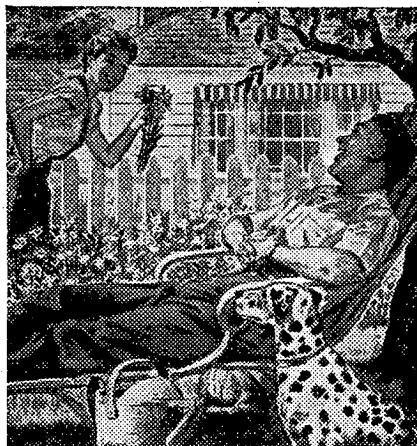
1. Exercise regularly, but moderately. Stop *before* you get overtired.
2. Keep your weight down. If you're overweight, *bring* it down.
3. Get plenty of sleep—8 hours a night for most people.
4. Eat moderately. Be moderate in use of tobacco or stimulants.
5. Have a yearly examination by your doctor. Follow his advice.

Myth #3 If you have heart disease you will be a permanent invalid.

That's not true! Thousands of people who have heart disease are leading useful and nearly normal lives by following their doctor's advice.

Did you ever hear the expression, "To live a long life, start taking care of a bad heart early?" There's a lot of truth in it for people who know the limitations of their hearts and live within them.

For helpful information concerning your heart, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, 85L, "Protecting Your Heart."



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CAN WE DO BUSINESS WITH STALIN?

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE conviction that we could not do business with Hitler was an important cause of our involvement in World War II. Whether we can do business with Stalin may well decide if there is to be a World War III. The expression "do business" in each case is used in the broad sense: not only trade but political relations and cultural contacts.

The importance of Soviet foreign policy for the future of world peace cannot be exaggerated. Indeed, if the Soviet government were definitely committed to a policy of non-aggression and improvement of the standard of living within its very ample frontiers, there would be little danger of a major war in any predictable future. For, as the events of the last few years have proved, modern warfare can be effectively waged only by huge aggregates of manpower, industrial plant capacity and natural resources. At the end of the present war, there will be only three such aggregates: the United States, the Soviet Union and the British Empire.

Where can any comparable power

be found? Germany has been, Japan is being pulverized. By the end of the war the industries of these Axis Powers will have been wrecked; their manpower will have been bled white; they will be subjected to very stern measures of military and industrial control. Assuming the maintenance of unity among the members of the victorious coalition, Germany and Japan can never hope to emerge as a great power since neither possesses the area, manpower and natural wealth of any one of the Big Three.

With the exception of a few neutral oases, all Europe is a bomb-wrecked shadow of its former self, divided by deep hates, ravaged by hunger, a prey to chaos. Though a European federation might conceivably become a fourth great world power, the time for such a development seems to be clearly in a far distant future.

China is a great power in terms of area and population. But it is economically and technically backward and faces serious threats to national unity after Japan has been defeated. It would require a generation at the

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very least, more probably two, before China could acquire enough mechanical knowledge and practice to provide the industrial bulwark demanded by modern warfare. The same observations would apply, in the main, to India. And there is no prospect that a great military power will arise in South America or in Africa.

Hence, the only serious threat to international peace will lie in the possibility of friction among the Big Three themselves. It is a sobering consideration that the proposed world-security organization contains no effective machinery for dealing with such a contingency. In this respect, it is like a firefighting apparatus which could be used to put out small bonfires, but would have to be laid up in the event of a three-alarm fire.

Few aspects of the postwar international scene will be more dramatically significant than the development of relations between the two strongest land powers in the world: the United States and the Soviet Union.

The United States will come out of this war much more than the paramount power in the Western hemisphere. By virtue of its tremendous military and industrial effort, it will have acquired a voice in the settlement of Europe and Asia.

Freed from the balancing influence of the military might of Germany and Japan, the Soviet Union will wield — indeed is already wielding — vast power and prestige in both Europe and Asia. There will be a dozen points of contact between American and

Soviet interests for every one that existed before the war. We may or may not get on with Stalin, but we cannot afford to ignore him and the mighty country of which he is undisputed dictator.

II

There are several hopeful auguries for the future of American-Soviet relations. The two countries have never been at war with each other. This is partly, of course, a result of geography, of physical isolation. But it also reflects an absence of major conflicts of national interest.

Never a great naval power, Russia has not aroused serious concern as a possible aggressor against the American continents. Unfortunately, the air age has brought peoples together more effectively for war than for peace. Hostile attacks that would have foundered on obstacles of space and distance a generation ago are now quite feasible. What is physically impossible now may be possible within twenty or thirty years. However, the part of the world where Russia and America come together most closely — across the narrow body of water that separates Eastern Siberia from Alaska — is singularly inhospitable to large-scale military operations. Neither America nor Russia has designs on the territory of the other; there are no bitter memories of lost Alsace-Lorraines, no border areas with mixed populations.

Another peacemaking factor is that

there is no problem of *Lebensraum*. Both countries, with their vast stretches of farming land and their rich natural resources, can look forward to generations of improving standards of living through effective utilization of these resources. Neither has any reason to fear that population will outrun the means of subsistence. When Eric Johnston asked Stalin how long it would take to complete the Soviet program of industrialization, he received the realistic reply:

Such a program will never terminate. Our country is so vast (more than two and a half times the size of the United States), our requirements are so great and our development so meagre that I can foresee no time when we will have enough of anything. Before the war there were five-year plans and the more commodities we produced the more we found we needed.

There is also the possibility of mutually advantageous trade and exchange between the two countries. Subject to certain limitations, the United States can look to the Soviet Union as an export market and a source of certain minerals and raw materials. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, may hope to obtain credit from the United States to facilitate its internal reconstruction after the ravages of war.

The Russian people have probably never been esteemed in the United States so highly as at the present time, when the memory of their mighty military achievements against Nazi Germany is still fresh. Sometimes this mood goes to over-extrava-

gant lengths and is exploited by Communists for propaganda purposes. Certainly at the present time no hostile prejudice exists that would prevent Americans from going more than halfway to co-operate with the Soviet Union on any reasonable program of political and economic reconstruction. With both countries possessing a common stake in the maintenance of international peace and order, differences in the social and economic systems of the two countries might well be allowed to sink into the background.

The time is auspicious for forgetting the grievances and suspicions of the past: Russian resentment and suspicion because of Allied intervention and the appeasement policy which led up to Munich; Western resentment and suspicion because of Comintern support of subversive movements; later Soviet mixture of appeasement and aggression which found expression in the Stalin-Hitler pact, the partition of Poland, the attack on Finland. Both sides could well afford to wipe the slate clean and make a new start, provided that a satisfactory basis of agreement can be found and that new disturbing issues are not allowed to become unmanageable.

Relations with Russia or with any foreign country cannot be conducted on a basis of perfectionism. There must be compromise and give-and-take. We shall be well-advised to remember that our own superior strength in this hemisphere has sometimes

been abused; that the Good Neighbor Policy is a relatively recent development. The names Mexico, Panama, Haiti, Nicaragua all carry to a Latin American mind disquieting memories of more or less distant acts of aggression committed by the United States.

But the compromises cannot take the form of one-sided appeasement. The give-and-take must be mutual. Russian-American relations cannot be hopefully conducted on a basis of perfectionism; they cannot be carried on in the spirit of wishful thinking.

I have listed the favorable auguries for American-Soviet collaboration, the absence of wars and unsettled territorial claims as between the two countries, the lack of any element of population pressure, the sense of a common war effort. One might also add the point that Russians and Americans, as human beings, get on pretty well, when they are really free to behave like human beings, without too much bureaucratic and official chaperonage and suspicion.

III

In spite of the absence of wars, territorial claims and population pressure, there are certain obstacles to American-Soviet understanding which it would be mere ostrich-blindness to ignore. To pretend that these obstacles do not exist is to perform no service either to peace or to genuine understanding. Without raking up the reproaches and recriminations of the past, I think it will be possible to "do

business" with Stalin if four conditions are fulfilled with reasonable consistency, good faith and good will in the future — four big "Ifs" which overshadow the course of American-Soviet relations.

(1) There must be mutual respect for the pledged word and substitution of consultative for unilateral action in international affairs. Both the Moscow Declaration, issued under the signatures of Molotov, Eden and Hull on October 30, 1943, and the Crimea Declaration of February 12, 1945, contain specific assurances of common action by the three major powers in liberated countries. So far there has been no semblance of implementing this promise in the countries of Eastern, Central and Southeastern Europe now occupied by the Soviet armies. Allied observers have been kept out entirely or admitted only grudgingly and with extremely restricted facilities for travel and observation.

In such actions as the swift declaration of war on Bulgaria and occupation of that country, the imposition of a new government on Rumania, the creation of a government for Austria, the Soviet government has acted swiftly and secretly. Making every allowance for military exigencies in the past, the maintenance of an exclusive sphere of influence in a large area of Europe east of the line Stettin-Trieste, inhabited by over a hundred million people, is inconsistent with cordial American-Soviet relations.

It is sometimes argued that the

Soviet Union wants only "friendly" governments along its western frontiers, just as America wants friendly neighbors in Latin America. Leaving aside the question as to whether Soviet methods of occupation have been aimed at friendship, this proposition suggests a fair test in the future for the validity of this comparison. Will Americans be as free to travel, reside and trade in Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia as Russians are to travel, reside and trade in Mexico, Brazil and Argentina? If this test is met and if the countries of Eastern Europe are as free to elect the governments they desire as are the countries of Latin America, a long step forward toward restoring confidence in the pledged word of the Soviet government will have been taken.

The acid test in this connection is, of course, the treatment of Poland, which has been the subject of an international agreement. Summed up in the Crimea Declaration, the terms were very favorable to Stalin's claims and recognized the right of the Soviet Union to annex about 40 per cent of prewar Poland, which is supposed to receive compensation in the form of German territory to the north and west.

There has been some quibbling as to the precise meaning of the Yalta formula for the formation of a new provisional government of national unity. However, there can be no reasonable question as to the implication of the promise of "free unfettered elections" which Stalin, Church-

ill and Roosevelt underwrote and incorporated into the Agreement. Unconditional release of all Poles who were arrested or deported for political reasons would be one such condition. The return to Poland, with assurance against persecution, of all Polish patriotic leaders abroad and of the Polish troops and war prisoners would be a second. Other conditions would be the institution of freedom of press, speech and political organization and free access to Poland for foreign diplomats, correspondents and relief workers.

(2) Mutual acquaintance is a condition of good understanding between nations, as between individuals. Formal agreements between the American and Soviet governments are not enough. Americans and Russians as individuals should become better acquainted. This point was emphasized in a recent communication to the *New York Times* by a group of Yale professors. They put forward a number of constructive suggestions, such as exchange of scholars and students, improvement in the quality and volume of newspaper correspondence, more intensive American study of Russian language, culture, institutions, etc.

The first condition of better acquaintance is more freedom of contact, travel and correspondence. No doubt both countries have sinned in erecting barriers against this freedom in the past. But the Soviet barriers are higher than the American.

A Soviet correspondent in America before the war could talk with whom he pleased, travel where he pleased, write as he pleased. An American correspondent in Moscow, in peace as in war, has been obliged to submit his correspondence to censorship. His contacts with Russians are severely limited; unauthorized acquaintance with a foreigner is a not infrequent cause of administrative arrest and banishment. Special permission has been required for travel. There has also been a marked differentiation between the freedom accorded to Soviet correspondents in American and British areas of military control and the frequent exclusion of Western correspondents from Soviet-occupied territory.

The same attitude of official suspicion and restriction has made it difficult for Americans of all professions and occupations to travel and study in Russia. This has hindered personal friendship with Russians which would do so much to dispel unfounded suspicion and misunderstanding. As Sir Bernard Pares, veteran British student of Russia has stated the case:

It is useless for Soviet officials to complain that the Soviet Union is so very ill understood in the world outside if we cannot have the first condition for knowing and understanding her.

Let us assume that concern for national security and military exigencies have dictated a Russian attitude of extreme secretiveness. But let us bear in mind for the future that "doing business with Stalin" on a mutually satis-

factory basis will be immensely easier when all censorship of news correspondence in the two countries is abolished by mutual agreement, when Americans may visit Russia, and Russians America, as easily as we exchange visits with our Canadian and Mexican neighbors.

(3) America and Russia must both exercise their vast strength with justice and moderation. There must be no aggression, direct or indirect, against the independence of smaller and weaker neighbors. That means, for America, no setting up of puppet régimes, backed by American arms. It means, for Russia, no imposing of Communist-dominated governments on adjacent countries with the active aid of the Red Army and the political police.

Here again (except in the case of Poland and the Baltic States) Soviet action in formerly hostile countries might be generously attributed to military considerations. But now the war in Europe is over. Yet men who are not only Communists, but well-known veteran agents of the Communist International — men like Bierut in Poland, Tito in Yugoslavia, Dmitrov in Bulgaria, Patrascanu in Rumania — continue to pull the strings in Soviet puppet régimes without any control in the form of free elections. Naturally suspicion about Russia's ultimate intentions is inevitably growing. If there is a genuine desire to preserve peace, the strong powers — not only for ethical reasons

but for enlightened self-interest — must be willing to grant genuine self-determination to smaller and weaker powers.

(4) American-Soviet trade may be a mutually advantageous link between the two countries. Assuming that acceptable means of financing can be found, Russia offers American industry a vast potential market for machine tools, railway and communications equipment, all kinds of electrical machinery. There would be an equally large market for consumption goods, especially for everything one finds in a five-and-ten-cent store, whenever the Spartan Soviet policy of giving first priority to industrial equipment is relaxed. Stalin, in the interview which he granted to Eric Johnston last year, suggested as promising Soviet exports to the United States manganese, timber, pulpwood, gold, furs, chrome, platinum, copper, oil and tungsten.

However, before one could reckon confidently on American-Soviet trade running annually into billions of dollars, two factors must be carefully considered. One of these is political. The other is economic. It would be short-sighted folly, much more potentially disastrous than the sale of scrap iron to Japan, for the United States to open up lavish credit for Soviet industrial and military development unless there are clear and satisfactory indications that Soviet policy is oriented toward peaceful internal development, not toward restless ex-

ternal aggression. An arms-limitation convention would be a welcome sign of clearing political skies.

Assuming that these political hurdles will be cleared, it should be remembered that Russia's share in world trade in the past has not been impressive. The Soviet Union in 1938, the last prewar year, accounted for 1.2 per cent of the volume of international trade — little more than Poland, which possessed about one-fifth of Russia's population. America's annual exports to Russia during the five-year period before the outbreak of the war averaged forty million dollars. America's annual imports during this same period averaged about twenty-five million dollars.

No doubt these modest figures can be appreciably bettered if the world after the war enters a period of tranquillity and expanding production. But unless we want to give our goods away, we must accept in goods, services and invisible exports, such as tourist expenditures, not much less than we sell.

On the eve of his final breakdown, more than twenty years ago, Lenin pronounced this prophetic judgment on the rôle of Stalin:

Comrade Stalin, having become General Secretary (of the Communist Party) has concentrated an enormous power in his hands; and I am not sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient discretion.

Now, partly as a result of lavish American lend-lease aid, totaling

some eight and a half billion dollars, "Comrade Stalin" has concentrated in his hands "an enormous power," affecting not only Russia but the entire world. Will he exercise this power "with sufficient discretion"? The answer to this question will be fateful for the United States, for the Soviet Union and for the very character and existence of our civilization in the years ahead.

It is only Stalin, his lieutenants, perhaps his successor who can give

this answer with finality. But America can emphasize the benefits that will flow to the peoples of the Soviet Union, to the people of America, to "all the men in all the lands," from a long period of peace, security and co-operative effort to raise human living standards all over the world. It can also make clear its determination to throw all its political and economic weight into the scales to frustrate any scheme for lawless aggression and totalitarian world domination.



Music —

Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that . . .

— THOMAS CARLYLE

Music is the art in which form and matter are always one, the art whose subject cannot be separated from the method of its expression, the art which most completely realizes the artistic ideal, and is the condition to which all other arts are constantly aspiring.

— OSCAR WILDE

Music resembles poetry; in each are nameless graces which no methods teach, and where a master-hand alone can reach.

— ALEXANDER POPE

SYNTHETIC VS. GENUINE PAINTERS

By JEROME MELLQUIST

CERTAIN contemporary American painters are experts at self-advertising. They believe that if you repeat "Powder Puff Baking Powder" often enough everybody is going to demand that commodity. Or they think that by bizarre antics they will continually seduce the public. Though old Barnum is dead, they well know that a gullible folk still gapes and pays money for its clowns. Most artists confine their quest for mastery to their own medium, but these, our ubiquitous hornblowers, are adepts only at making their names known. Their principal talent is that of the promoter.

Chief among such contemporary self-advertisers was the late Grant Wood. Until almost thirty, this drab painter taught classes in Iowa high schools, tipped a little at modern painting notions in courses at Chicago and elsewhere, and caused not even a ripple in his own community. But time is relentless, and Mr. Wood saw that he must be getting on. He traveled to Paris and gazing deep into an *apéritif* suddenly had a Franciscan vision of an Iowa barnyard. The apoca-

lypse opened and in its transcendent light he knew what he must do. Later, describing this experience, he instantaneously saw that all his best thoughts had come to him while milking a cow. Soon he booked return passage and began to paint out for the natives the vision which had descended upon him in the naughty city of Paris.

He became a self-conscious bucolic. He took the themes of country life and paneled them in cut-out paintings appropriate to the design of a scroll-saw carpenter. He did Arbor Day tree-plantings, plaintive turkey hens, farmboys scrubbing on Saturday night, and at last his revelation of the authentic Iowa-in-paint, his *American Gothic*. Shown at the Chicago World's Fair, this picture promptly assaulted the national imagination and a new leader had been given to the fast-spreading cult of the American Scene. The rest is familiar — the gaudy prices, the full-page spreads in pictorial tabloids, the increasing fame of a Young Old Master. Perversely gifted as to publicity, Wood even donned overalls before stepping up to

JEROME MELLQUIST, author of *The Emergence of an American Art*, is at present writing a book dealing with our national artistic life from the Colonial Period to Albert P. Ryder. This article will comprise a chapter in his new volume.

the canvas. No Parisian studio-garb for him — he would be 100 per cent prairie.

It was a cunning game. And the plaudits have not ceased. An adulatory biography, published only within the last six months,¹ has sought to perpetuate the glory of the Iowa Michelangelo-in-overalls. Despite its air of apologetics, this book does have the merit of setting forth the various compartments of Wood's life. First, we are shown the laborious student manfully copying both past and present; then we see the pointless experimenter who suddenly begets clarity and decision upon his Paris illumination. In actuality, however, the transformation was not miraculous; he had simply transferred the trim coating and design of Flemish Primitives to Mid-western subjects. Last, as virtual painter-laureate, he attempted such legends as *Paul Revere's Ride* and the cherry-tree episode in *Parson Weems' Fable*. But even here, as to composition, he merely plucked out a device long before employed by Charles Willson Peale, estimable portraitist of George Washington. At no time, in short, did Wood ever show himself to be an original or even an ingenuous painter.

Yet, so successfully did he befuddle the public that many others have been prompted to similar excursions. John Steuart Curry, a bulging Kansan, conducts classes at the University of Wisconsin Agricultural School, in

which he is out to train only the thoroughbreds among the farmboys. Presumably the Herefords and Guernseys in his own production are going to be matched by those of his students. But one good look at his spineless draftsmanship should be sufficient to show just why he seeks the external support of Barnumism. Third in this coterie is that eminent mouth-organist and loudspeaker, Thomas Benton. This Missourian periodically denounces the Atlantic seaboard when he shoves out to Kansas City, or snipes away at local Comstocks whenever he is heading for the purlieus of Manhattan. Never idle, if rejected by a museum, he will then blast away at curators as epicene folk unworthy of his masculine attentions. Such unbecoming epithets spring from an even more lamentable deficiency in the painter's make-up — his inability to create fresh American forms. Thomas Benton, in fact, has appropriated from both El Greco and Ryder, has set down long lucubrations upon the composition of the Renaissance, but has never produced a painting — and only a few drawings — which had the merit of self-sufficiency. American self-reliance, indeed! Even loud-spoken Reginald Marsh, a fourth and last among these attention-getters, can put more force into black-and-white than Mr. Benton manages to express in color.

These self-advertisers, these cultists of the American Scene, are by no means the only transgressors of their kind. Any reader, upon consideration, will detect a diversity of others. But

¹ *Artist in Iowa. A Life of Grant Wood*, by Darrell Garwood. \$3.50. Norton.

each time the pattern is identical. There is always the claim that France has misled the American painter; the insistence that only the cornfed provides fit subject-matter; the constant high trumpet-blast of self-esteem — and invariably the delusion of the public. In short, this bumpkin showmanship is ever the sign for knowing these cockalorum specialists who exploit the untrained faculties of an eager, but unsuspecting, public.

II

But let it not be thought that they represent an indigenous strain in our painting. For that one might better turn to a much earlier artist, a leisured Long Islander, one William Sidney Mount who, exactly one hundred years ago, was modestly and capably expressing a locality in paint. His name in fact has but recently been resurrected. So quietly did he plod about his native acres, so little did he bugle forth his own achievements, that he had long been neglected. A year or so ago, two investigators — Capt. Hermann Williams, AUS, and Miss Bartlett Cowdrey — collaborated on a study about the bard who worked in pigment.¹ This volume was followed in the present year by a big one-man show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And thus at last a genuine exponent of the American Scene presents his commendable personality to an expanded circle of his

countrymen. It is a good personality and one well worth knowing.

Unlike Whitman, a fellow inhabitant of Long Island, Mount did not spring from a cottage of the poor. His father, a prosperous farmer and innkeeper, had drifted over from New Jersey, where even to this day the Mounts are a numerous tribe. Story has it that the son — the youngest of four brothers — was “as tenderly nurtured as one of Queen Victoria’s children.” No doubt this is a fiction of nineteenth century respectability, for the painter’s canvases indicated a familiarity with tap-rooms not surprising in the child of a barkeep. Later, upon the death of the father, the mother shifted her brood to the Hawkins ancestral estate in 1814. And there, amid shady groves and within a homestead not unsuitable to a novel by Scott, the lad stored up the scenes he later would paint.

He was apprenticed at seventeen to a sign-painter and ornamental decorator, but dropped that activity for a series of courses at the National Academy of Design in New York. Ill health soon obliged him to leave. Back he went to Long Island and there continued to reside, save for two brief interludes in Manhattan. Dying in 1868, Mount seemingly escaped the more exciting currents of his time. He did not forage for celestial fodder at Brook Farm, nor plunge among the crossers of a Brooklyn Ferry, nor even make the customary hegira to Europe or Olde England. And yet he somehow imbibed the living essence of Jackson-

¹ *William Sidney Mount*, by Bartlett Cowdrey and Hermann Williams. \$5.00. Columbia University Press.

ian democracy — and recorded it in his canvases. These he loaded with horse-traders and peripatetic Negroes and backcountry philosophers, thus imparting to his work a sympathy not unlike the democratic affirmations of Walt Whitman. Again, he dabbled at inventions, even as Robert Fulton and Samuel F. B. Morse — both of whom he had known as painters. Also, he touched minds with such capable publicists and poets as William Cullen Bryant. Possibly such contacts still further awakened his sympathies for the undetected in the life of the lowly and the obscure. For Mount today has the position of the Father of American Genre Painting.

That he should have this rôle is not accidental. Genre painting, as a matter of fact, had originated just two centuries before among the artists of the Dutch Republic. Their country had but recently cut its bonds with Spain and a new class — the merchants and the busy householders — insisted that painting pertain to them. They cared little for celebrations of classical legends and turned away from the synthetic grandeurs of historical recorders. This same sturdy Dutch middle class had no inclination toward haughty portraiture or courtroom dandies. They wanted painting to reflect their own interests. Hence, the emergence of a new phenomenon — genre, or the depiction of the everyday scene. Memorable examples are country dances, as by the Brothers Teniers, hearty glass-liftings by Frans Hals, or — at a still more impressive

level — the smoky interiors of Van Ostade and the almost demonic drunks of Jan Steen. These still stand not only as prime instances of the art of genre, but among the freshest paintings of the seventeenth century.

Mount, not unlike his Dutch predecessors, worked in the midst of a shift in power. Earlier American painters had portrayed starchy New England aristocracy and the commercial gentry of the Middle States, or, like Benjamin West, had confected huge canvases recalling past historical episodes. But by 1830 the patrons for such artists were dropping away. In politics, John Quincy Adams was their last Presidential representative, and by 1832, when the frontiersman Andrew Jackson strode into the White House, an altogether new class was elbowing its way into national supremacy. This newly enfranchised segment, no less than those Dutch burghers of two centuries before, demanded painting in terms of its own interests. Mount and the other genre painters gave it to them.

The Long Islander's very subjects record this accommodation. At first he aped Benjamin West as a manufacturer of epics, and soon he was acquiring a clientele as a portraitist. But in 1829 his brother Henry was saluted at the National Academy for a study in rustic humor, and a second brother got acclaim for a similar subject. William then decided to turn out comparable paintings — with immediate success. A fellow artist urged him to stop doing his "muffin-faces" (for which

the fee was \$125 per head) and commit himself exclusively to the rendering of the common life. Mulling over this, Mount soon encountered Washington Allston, Harvard's one-time pet who had an international reputation both as a painter and social celebrity. Allston convinced him that if he would but study the furious Steen and the reeling Van Ostade, he too could carve out an important place. And although he could not forego his bread-and-butter painting, as his portraiture was called, Mount did thereafter find much joy in capturing the inhabitants and activities of his beloved locality. Often he ambled to the barn behind his home. There he delineated a *Boy and Girl Dancing*, or again, in the same setting, a country fiddler with boys and meditative farmers listening with evident pleasure, while a musing Negro forgot his labors as he slouched against the barn.

Sometimes Mount took himself upon excursions, as when he inspected the important duty of *Ringling the Pig* — one farmer snaring the porker, another flailing it with a cornstalk, swine-brethren grunting disapproval, and a third farmer offering recommendations in efficiency. Once, perhaps recalling a schoolboy episode, he pictured a truant scolded by a man who apparently had already kept the boy busy turning a grindstone. Another time he showed men *Bargaining for a Horse*, one whittling upon a stick while the other discussed his price.

Still farther from his home, Mount

did an *Eel-spearing at Setauket* — with a buxom Negress thrusting a rake into the Sound. Once he found a romantic nook where he set down an artist sketching a landscape with his wife. He loitered in taverns and depicted men chewing over experiences there. And eventually — in the best picture of his life — he embraced his rural homestead in a breezy canvas with turkeys roosting behind the house and children balancing on their teeter-totter and older lads venturing out upon the Sound in a punt.

Sometimes, it is true, these canvases filtered away into mere story-telling. Again they might pour a little too much syrup when picturing a cherubic child engaged in a chore for Mother. Yet Mount had absorbed more than one attribute from his Dutch masters. He drew with a certain rhythmic care and an affectionate touch; he imbued his canvases with the meritorious dignity of a placid nature. Admittedly he never attained the heated raptures of a Jan Steen, nor the boiling insights of a Van Ostade. But, like a rural fiddler, he sounded forth a country strain still capable of producing some pleasure. And certainly he still remains a good source as to the *look* of a long-vanished America. Such an accomplishment is not to be disparaged.

III

Furthermore, this Long Islander once had sufficient note to inspire some followers. There was a Missouri artist, one George Caleb Bingham who, en-

countering reproductions of Mount's work, likewise set forth to picture his community. He denoted the river pilots, tattered frontiersmen, election-day antics and similar topics. But his best work, *Fur-traders Descending the Missouri*, does incorporate the slow, scarcely colored float of the river. Then there was the Pittsburgh satirist, David G. Blythe, working like a lopsided Hogarth. Or again the Baltimore student of the oyster-houses and the newspaper readers, Richard Caton Woodville. Even a deaf-mute, Carlin, and "Pilgrim" Matteson, so-called because of his penchant for the first alighters at Plymouth Rock, poured out genre pictures of the humble life.

This homely tradition persisted into the present century. A Vermont provincial, Thomas Waterman Wood, inscribed little temperance lectures while ostensibly depicting the oddments of experience. A New Yorker, John G. Brown, polished his boot-blacks to such an extent that it seemed none might be left for the customers. E. L. Henry, rather like an American Meissonier, went meticulous in recording the minutiae of meeting a suburban train. But mere story-telling, or at worst backyard gossip, had replaced the more tuneful depictions of the earlier Mount.

Meanwhile, another current had actually deepened from its original source in the Setauket painter. Just before the Civil War, Winslow Homer, a Bostonian, began to do woodcuts for *Harper's Weekly*. Soon, as a pictorial war-correspondent, he was inscribing

real genre in his reports from the trenches or redoubts. And Thomas Eakins, not very long after, turned his slow solemn gaze into the very depths of such scenes as *Chess Players*, now at the Metropolitan. Finally Eastman Johnson, portraitist to a succession of Presidents up to and including Grover Cleveland, sometimes returned in memory to the blue-smoky days of his childhood — as in *Sugaring Off*, a picture of a sugar-camp in Maine. All these added much enrichment to the genre first sponsored by Mount.

Today genre has all but vanished. John Sloan, the troubling commentator on the East Side slums and a sympathetic *raconteur* from the old saloons, gives more the bite of an idea than the record of picturesque habits. George Luks, who was a valiant tippler and painted many a tempestuous foray, was rather a swashbuckler in the guise of a portraitist. And as for the cultists of the American Scene, once again appearing at a shift in the nation's destiny, they are doing just the opposite of what was effected by progenitors like Mount. The ablest of our early genre painters worked from a reflective love of a locality. They bespoke their affection in their canvases. They *gave*, but they took very little. Our present-day exploiters, like demagogues everywhere, speak in the people's name, all the while appropriating to their own advantage. We could use again the simple attachments of truly indigenous painters like William Sidney Mount as counter-ballast to the synthetic promoters of the present.

STOCKS AND SWINDLERS

BY RAYMOND VERNON

IT WAS May 9, 1945, the morning after V-E Day. In a busy Philadelphia bank, a stout middle-aged woman was restlessly waiting her turn before a teller's window marked "Investments." From time to time, she glanced at a sheaf of certificates in her hand, then craned her neck to peer into the teller's cage.

Finally, she reached the head of the line.

"Do you sell stocks?" she asked.

The teller hesitated.

"Well," he said finally, "I suppose so. In a way, we do. What stocks do you want?"

"What stocks have you got?"

A question indeed! The teller's hesitancy turned to impatience. "I'm afraid I can't pick out a security for you," he said.

"Well, all right," the woman answered with resignation. "I've got to think. Hold these and I'll be right back." She dropped the sheaf of certificates before the nonplussed teller, walked deliberately to a marble bench in the middle of the bank floor, sat down and stared into space, apparently in deep thought. The teller

glanced down at the certificates. They were several dozen \$50 war bonds.

If incidents like this were common, our securities markets would soon be in a weird state. But unusual though this incident may be, it reflects the American public's stark vulnerability at the present time to securities frauds. World War II, like the first World War, has put savings in the pockets of people who never had savings before and has introduced them to the ownership of securities for the first time. Since Pearl Harbor, individuals' cash and government bonds have more than doubled and right now the total stands at over \$140,000,000,000. Hugh Smith, manager of the Philadelphia Better Business Bureau, sums up the situation with a warning: "The sharpers," he says, "are getting ready for the kill."

Just what to do in order to prevent the sale of worthless or overpriced securities isn't easy to decide. Of course, one way to handle the situation is to plaster the nation with signs saying: "Watch Out for THAT MAN! He May Be a Stock Swindler," or: "Don't Take Chances! The Safest

RAYMOND VERNON is a member of the Trading and Exchange Division of the U. S. Securities and Exchange Commission. Herein he expresses his own views and not those of the SEC.

Place for Your Money is under the Barn Floor." But such a policy would not only be unjustified; it would be foolish, if not disastrous. After this war many honest enterprising business men will be looking for funds to back them in new ventures. They will have securities to sell to the public. The law will require them in most cases to register those securities with the Securities and Exchange Commission and to state all the facts fully and fairly. Of course, the mere fact that they have registered their securities and told their story is no indication one way or the other as to the value of the securities these men have to offer. But if an overly-suspicious public refuses even to give American business a hearing, the birth rate of new business in the United States won't go up as it should and must for a healthy, thriving economy.

The only real way out of the dilemma is a program of educating the prospective investor to the point at which he can exercise some discrimination of his own. That is just what the state "blue sky" law officials, the Better Business Bureaus, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and various organizations of brokers and dealers in the securities business are trying to do. By education, they are trying to prevent a repetition of the frauds, swindles and financial tragedies that followed the first World War.

The sad experiences following the Alice-in-Wonderland era of the '20's led to the enactment of the Federal Securities Act of 1933 and the Securi-

ties Exchange Act of 1934. As a result, the law now punishes an issuer or an investment banker who doesn't tell the truth when he wants to sell securities. The law prohibits securities from being sold when half-truths or downright lies have been told. But with all the facts told and all the cards on the table, it's still up to the investor to see if he is being dealt a full house or a pair of deuces.

II

When new industries are in the making, the investor's sense of values is weakest. When prohibition was repealed, there was a rush for alcohol stocks. When the gyroplane caught the public fancy, gyroplane ventures flourished. As the war approaches an end, "electronics," "plastics," and "photography" are the magic words.

Some owners of small businesses are very well aware of the public's current itch for "After-the-War" stocks. And for their part, they'd just as soon let the public buy a piece of their business — at a price.

But what's the price? Take the case of a war-baby stock which was put on the market by its owners a few weeks ago.

Back in pre-Pearl-Harbor days, before Uncle Sam became its chief customer, the company was operating in the red most of the time. Then came the war and with it prosperity. The company's sales multiplied ten times over, and in the last part of 1944, its profits were piling up at a phenomenal

rate. But with prospects of war business fading, some of the company's insiders suddenly grew anxious for the public to take a portion of the company off their hands.

For \$3.12, they offered you a share in a company which had lost money in three out of five years before the war. For \$3.12, you could own a share which had not earned more than 10 cents in the best of those prewar years. For \$3.12, you could own a share which was backed up by company assets of \$1.36.

What of the company's postwar prospects? The prospectus filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission makes no bones about them. "The radio industry," you are told, "is highly competitive, and the Company has reason to expect more severe competition than was experienced by the Company in the prewar period. . . . The postwar era," the prospectus goes on, "may bring economic disturbances and problems which cannot be foreseen and the Company can make no prediction as to their effect upon the nature and volume of its business or upon the net results of its postwar operations from a profit or financial standpoint."

And once we thought a Sweepstakes ticket was a gamble!

But that stock offering is a sober investment compared to the sort of thing the public can expect when the postwar market gets in full swing. As an example in promotions, Horace M. Little's gyroplane business is a classic. Horace had a penchant for

promoting all kinds of assorted enterprises. One of his grandest ventures was the American Gyro Company. 57,000,000 shares of stock were authorized. The company was "to develop and perfect mechanical devices . . . such as appertain to automotive and aerial transportation. . . ." It was going into the gyroplane business — a new, untried field which would reap a fortune for the investor lucky enough to get in on the ground floor. It had assets, it said, of over \$600,000.

The fact was that the company was in anything but the gyroplane business. The outfit owned six inventions. Four of them were worthless. The remaining two were not being developed in any way. The company's principal activity appears to have been the operation of a printing business, under the name of Consolidated Press.

The company was also in the stock-selling business in a big way. At the time the SEC took an interest in its affairs, it had already persuaded the public to part with \$490,000.

And finally, the company was also in the business of trying to keep Little out of jail. It was paying his legal fees in a criminal case in which he was charged with using the mails to defraud.

The prospectus which the company was obliged to issue under the Securities Act was quite candid about it all. It stated that \$500,000 of the company's \$600,000 in assets were made of things called "Goodwill," "Promotion," and "Development on Inven-

tions" — high-sounding language in this case for "Hopes," "Dreams," and "Money All Spent." The most tangible figure on the balance sheet, no doubt, was an item in red called "Operating Deficit — \$11,989.16."

The people who bought stock in that enterprise were buying in a pink haze. At 10 cents a share the stock was the cheapest possible passport to the Never-Never Land where all fairy stories come true.

Another dodge for separating a sucker from his money depends for its success on the human animal's latent hankering to belong to some exclusive Society, to have a Password and a Creed. In some cases, clubs of that sort have been blinds by which considerable sums have been fraudulently extracted from the membership. Right now, this war's veterans probably look like the ripest prospects for that kind of swindle. So if you're a veteran and are asked to join the Sacred and Plenipotentiary Order of Technicians Fifth Grade, make sure you understand the purposes of the club and where your money is going.

The Universal Order of the Plenocrats was a dodge of this sort. The Order's sacred duty, its leaders said, was to spread "plenocracy" over the earth's face. "Plenocracy," they told the uninitiate, "is a word to be conjured with. It is a coined word and means the power of plenty, the science of creating abundance for all."

The Order had a University with a Bureau of Christian Economics and a Department of Metaphysics. The Uni-

versity equipment consisted of five books on plenocracy; its faculty consisted of one member.

The Order had "registrars" and — most important of all — it had "co-operators." "The co-operators are the people who make the contribution," explained one of the "registrars" to the court.

Each "co-operator," it developed, need pay only \$1.00 per month for five years, \$60 in all. The money would be invested in the growing of "special crops" by Intensive Farming Methods. The natural increase from Mother Earth, brought out by the proper application of the doctrines of plenocracy, was bound to increase the co-operator's \$60 contribution to \$150. At the end of the five years, he could have his \$150. Or, if he wished, he could have a deed to a "little farm" where, presumably, he would spend the rest of his days raising "special crops" under the benign teachings of the plenocratic system.

The only "special crops" the plenocrats were raising were crops of suckers. The Universal Order of Plenocrats was bankrupt. The Order could pay off only as long as the list of "co-operators" was growing. The new "co-operators" simply bailed out the old. The Ponzi scheme was back anew.

III

If the only kind of security fraud were the sale of worthless stocks and bonds, the job of protecting the public would be comparatively simple. The job is

complicated, however, by the fact that dealers with larceny in their hearts don't have to peddle worthless securities.

A subtler and a safer practice is that of charging a price which isn't reasonably related to the current market price. This fraud relies for its success upon the trust and confidence of the customer and frequently goes undiscovered for years.

Take the case of Theodore T. Golden, who ran an established and apparently respectable business in securities in Washington, D. C. He had met many of his customers at church. Many of them had known him fifteen years or more. A large percentage were government employees, active or retired, mostly women. Practically all of them simply placed their securities affairs in his hands. He seemed to be the very incarnation of conservatism and respectability. But this is what the SEC's files show:

Like most dealers, Golden had his favorite bond, the National Industrial Loan Corporation debenture issue; he sold lots of these bonds to his customers. And with an eminent sense of the fitness of things, he always sold a \$100 bond for \$100, neither more nor less.

What his customers didn't know, and what he certainly didn't propose to tell them, was that the bonds were being bought by him on the open market at around \$62.

Golden sold at least 124 of these \$100 bonds to his customers. The 124 bonds cost him \$7,676. Because of

Golden's penchant for nice, round numbers, the 124 bonds cost his customers \$12,400.

A similar type of fraud was the case of the roving municipal bond. One day a dealer persuaded a customer that what his portfolio needed was a high-grade municipal bond. When the customer agreed to buy such a bond, the dealer — we shall call him Dealer A — promptly called another dealer, Dealer B, who he was sure would have the bond on his shelves. As it happened, Dealer B's shelves were bare at the moment, but he said he would call back in half an hour for he was sure he could locate exactly the right security from Dealer C. Dealer C didn't happen to have the issue but was sure he could get it from Dealer D. Dealer D said, "Hold on," and called his friend, Dealer E. Dealer E had the bond.

E sold the bond to D for \$25.03; D passed it on to C, who was waiting impatiently at the phone, for \$50.05; C called up B and passed it on for \$65.70. B turned it over to A for \$81.34. A called his chafing customer who took the bond off A's hands for \$137.65. And all this happened in the course of a single day.

IV

In a story such as this, where the frauds and scandals of the securities business are strung together in one continuous telling, there is a statement which must be made more than once if we are not to be left with a

wholly distorted impression of the securities business. Most men in the securities business are honest and competent. Yet the customer owes it to himself to be sure that he has placed his trust in safe hands.

There are a number of things you can do to satisfy yourself on that question, even without any special training. If the security that you're being offered is a new one, make sure you get a prospectus. Try reading it; you may be surprised at your own ability to understand it. Check some of the salesman's claims against what the prospectus says. Don't let yourself be put off with half-an-answer. Don't let yourself be hurried into a quick decision.

If the security isn't a new one, it's more than likely being bought and sold somewhere in the country right now. Wherever it's traded, a bank or any broker or dealer in the securities business will probably be able to find out its market price for you with surprisingly little trouble. If he can't find a price for you, you can be reasonably sure that there isn't much of a market for the security you're considering. Ask yourself: "If I bought this security this morning, how much could I sell it for this afternoon?"

There is one kind of security that stands in a class all by itself — the oil royalty. In war or peace, in prosperity or depression, sales of oil royalties continue in an unabated flow. Yet for the average person, buying an oil royalty is like betting on a race horse when you don't know the horse's

name and the bookie's odds are lopsided. Here, indeed, is a ripe field for the dealer who is trying to corral some of the savings which the war has created.

The most common type of oil royalty comes into existence in this way: A company prospecting for oil sees a piece of likely property. It enters into a contract with the landowner whereby the owner is to receive one-eighth of the value of any oil that the company takes from the land.

Oil is struck. The landowner then decides to turn some of his royalty into spot cash. Accordingly, he sells part or all of his royalty interest to a wholesaler in oil royalties. The wholesaler breaks the royalty interest up into fractions and these fractions are offered for sale. Anyone who buys a fraction is entitled to his proportionate share of the one-eighth interest in the oil that is taken from the land. The "pay-outs" are usually made monthly by the company that gets the oil.

The value of your royalty depends, of course, on how much oil will be taken from the particular piece of land on which you hold a royalty, and how long the process will take. And that depends in turn on a lot of things. You need half a lifetime in the oil business, an engineering degree, or a divining rod before you can hazard a guess on the subject. Just to test your knowledge of the field, see exactly what you can make of this typical item of current news from the columns of the *Oil and Gas Journal*:

Los Angeles County, November, Standard Oil Co. of California 1-4 Sesnon, 28-30-16w, Sesnon sand Eocene age, 9,075-9,170 ft., IP 392 bbl. Eocene sand found in previous well but not produced. This is first actual sustained Eocene production. All previous production from sands of Miocene age.

Most investors outside the Southwest will want to know: "Is that good or bad?" To most of us, it's just plain gibberish. If a dealer approaches us with an interest in an oil royalty, we take it on faith if we take it at all.

The result is that some dealers, who so far are operating largely in New York and Florida, have taken to buying royalties in the Southwest at prices 50 per cent or more above the prices set on the spot by informed local buyers. Then they tack another 50 per cent or more onto the price, and sell it to the trusting and ignorant Easterner.

One reason Easterners are such suckers for an oil royalty is that many of them are not even aware of the elementary principle that the typical uncapped well flows most heavily in its first year or two, then fades off like a runner who has shot his bolt. More than likely, the Easterner who gets his first check from a producing royalty takes one quick look, runs for the nearest phone, and yells to his dealer,

"Gimme three more of the same." What he doesn't realize is that his first check may come pretty close to being his biggest check. If his monthly checks two years later are as much as one-quarter of that first check, he may consider himself among the fortunate.

Pay-outs are made only as long as the oil is being produced. When the well is dry and the last check is in, you can tuck your royalty away in the top bureau drawer along with last year's fire insurance policies; it isn't worth anything. If you don't have your money back by then, you probably never will. And if you buy royalties in the Eastern market at Eastern prices, the chances are against your ever getting all your money back.

Unless the country's savings are kept out of the clutches of the securities racketeer and funneled into securities which represent useful productive enterprise, the vigor of our postwar economy may be sapped. It's a job which, in the end, rests on the judgment and restraint of the individual investor just as it always has in the past. But this time, unlike the others, thanks to laws passed by our government, the investor will have information and solid fact on which to base his judgments. The game of blind man's bluff in investments is over.

Friendship —



For the friendship of two the patience of one is necessary.

— INDIAN PROVERB

Friendship is like wine — the older the better.

— POLISH PROVERB

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Meadow-Mice

THE beings inhabiting almost any portion of the earth's surface are a great deal more numerous than it is our human habit to suppose. Notoriously, most of us are not observant. We see what is big or bright, or bears intimately upon ourselves, and we see very little else. We hear only the sounds that crash on the ear, we smell only the scents that assault our nostrils unignorably, and take tactile notice of hardly a touch that is less violently meaningful than a caress or an attack. We go self-preoccupied, in a sensory oblivion. And so, our attention incapable of arrest by anything less than violence, we fall into thinking that the only beings in a given copse or meadow are the loud robin, caroling as insistently as a hurdy-gurdy, the rabbit that leaps away at our tread as explosively as a burst of grape-shot, or the deer that present themselves as patently as cows. We take these things to be the fauna of a neighborhood. We could hardly make a more enormous error of proportion. Ninetenths, at the least, of the lives that earth supports take place without our knowing. They happen too quietly for us, too hiddenly, softly, tinily, secretly. The beings that companion us, in any area, are to those which we

ordinarily notice as is the whole of a symphonic orchestra to the one loud drum or the one shrill flute that may make itself heard to an inattentive listener far away.

Possibly the commonest quadruped in North America is an animal which scarcely makes known its existence to most of us. We learn of it, if we are orchardists, when we find our fruit trees girdled in the spring. We encounter it, if we are farmers, when the mower or the hayrake turns up small nests in the fields. If we are not tree-growers or harvesters or naturalists, we are likely to pass a lifetime oblivious that this fellow mammal inhabits the earth with us at all. *Microtus pennsylvanicus*? The meadow-mouse? What manner of being is that? Surely it is not an abundant creature, like the house mouse? Is it very rare?

There is something a little uproarious in our large, contented, human oblivions. To the meadow-mouse, as far as the researches of science can determine, there has been given no gift of intellectual perception. But if a flair for reasoning and conceptuality had been given to this small furry fellow being of ours, it may be fancied how dumbfounded *Microtus* would be upon learning of

our human obliviousness of his kind. To a reflective meadow-mouse, this earth would certainly seem essentially a mouse-earth, populous primarily with mice, nay veritably bursting with mice, positively pivotal upon mice . . . a mouse-earth on which, in a few stray corners and crannies, a tiny species of being called Man had merely managed — doubtless ephemerally — to gain an infinitesimal foothold. For such, indeed, is precisely the biological fact of the matter. In very nearly all the States of the Union, there can hardly be a farm that does not harbor meadow-mice by dozens, scores and hundreds. Meadow-mice throng the salt-water marshes; meadow-mice throng every dairy pasture in legions; some sub-genera of meadow-mice thrive on the sagebrush plains, and other sub-genera live out their lives in successful myriads above the timberline. Some years ago, a methodical mammalogist made a census of the meadow-mice on one typical New England farm of two hundred acres. He computed over five thousand of them; which may be translated as a population of over fifteen thousand meadow-mice to the square mile. Other investigators have reckoned nearly a thousand meadow-mice in one ten-acre field. When we look out across a drowsy grassland, lying so quiet and stirless under the August sun, and fancy ourselves to be the central if not the solitary note of aliveness in the scene, we are in fact only a little lonely outsider, standing at the edge of a teeming kingdom.

II

A meadow-mouse is a chunky, fuzzy, loose-furred little mammal, with short furry ears, bright little eyes full of wildness and alertness, and a brief, well-haired tail. Chestnut above, paler underneath, the thick coat variegated with intermixtures of gray and cinnamon, a meadow-mouse does not look much like the familiar mice of houses. Where they are lean, sleek, pointed, a meadow-mouse is chubby, fuzzy, rounded. A meadow-mouse is no leaper and climber. His gait is trotting. A meadow-mouse very much suggests an infinitesimal bear.

The secret of the meadow-mice, which keeps the existence of so enormous a tribe of fellow creatures hidden from us, is their way of life. There are variations, of course, among the habits of the several scores of kinds of meadow-mice in the country, but they are commonly the same in certain characteristic essentials. It is their common way to maintain their meadow-villages, meadow-communities, meadow-civilizations, after a fashion ingenious and invisible. The world of a meadow-mouse is a world of grassy tunnel and sedgy labyrinth. It is a world of green catacombs.

Other small animals whose home is in the fields simply run among the grass stems, establishing trails that are only casual or occasional. The meadow-mice make their trails the central fact and the triumphant strategy of their civilization. Trotting among the stem-bases of the tall grass,

the meadow-mouse here nips off a stem, there bends another stem aside; here pulls down a bunch of tall green blades so that they arch protectingly overhead; there chews off the impending edge of a tussock; there again pats and smoothes the earth of the runway's floor. Mouse follows mouse, nibbling, tunneling, thrusting furry shoulders to shape and round the green passage. There comes into being a kind of semi-subway, a tiny hidden street, down among the stems of the tall grass. Mouse-legions traverse it and enlarge it. The little invisible street becomes a labyrinth of little streets. It spreads, intricate and inter-

linking, over an acre, over a dozen acres, over all the meadow. It ramifies into a civilization. A green roof over them, green walls around them, a pattern of twistings and turnings and interconnecting to make possible quick escape in any direction — a thousand meadow-mice can be going their ways and living their lives, and not a human being ever know of it, unless the blade of the mower should pass and suddenly lay open the maze that has been hidden.

The meadow-mice are busy in their labyrinth. They are busy in spring making woven grass nests just under the ground, and having their litters

*Meadow-Mice**Frank Utpatel*

of four to eight. They are busy in summer, fashioning fresh nests of new sweet grass — under the lee of a stone, it may be, or sometimes a few inches above ground among the stout stems of a tussock, or sometimes in a dug burrow in the cool earth, away from the beating heat of the harvest sun — and rearing litters again. In autumn they are busy, with still additional nests and still more begettings. New nests are built whenever old ones have soured with the grassy damp. There is further preoccupation with incessant tasks of keeping the runways cleared, constructing bolt-holes and burrows. There is the perpetual need for eating, for such active little scurriers require a great intake. The meadow-mice feed almost omnivorously: on grains, twigs, seeds, leaves, berries, bark and a score of other things. So considerable a consumption, in a labyrinthine community dense with so many members, puts upon the mice still another necessary occupation. They must concern themselves with the sanitation of their community. At fixed places in the branching passageways, usually near burrow-entrances, the meadow-mice establish depositories where are heaped the pellets of their droppings. Feeding, cleaning, passage-making, nest-building, and ever rearing new families of young ones — the tunnels of mousedom's undergrass kingdom are given over to a scamper of activity that continues day and night.

The activity does not diminish even in winter. As the meadow-mice throng

teemingly in summer, and are unknown to us because their civilization occurs under the concealment of the grass, so in winter they continue active and invisible under the concealment of the snow. We look out over a January field, white and silent, and think there is no stir of life there; but a thousand lives are stirring, without a paw-print or a ruffle on the surface to let us know of it. The meadow-mice construct just such tunnels under the snow as they construct in the grass: twisting, meandering, inter-connecting passages a little more than an inch in diameter. Untouched by the cold, they continue their snug lives as usual. Unseen by any human eye, they tunnel to tree-boles and nibble the bark; and their visit may be unknown until spring, when trees are found girdled at their bases. Invisibly, in the security of the drift, they make warm winter nests of finely chewed grass and straw; and in these, before the snow has begun to melt, meadow-mouse mothers are already nursing their first spring broods of babies.

Meadow-mice are preyed upon by virtually every predator of the fields: crows, weasels, hawks, snakes, foxes, skunks, owls — and many another. The mortality among them is enormous. Their hidden life protects them from human eyes, but not from wild nostrils that sniff out their mousy scent among the pungences of cinquefoil and tansy. Daily and nightly, meadow-mice are killed by myriads. We may regard it as just as well.

Were meadow-mice not under the check of predation's natural control, these small fellow mammals of ours — of even the fact of whose existence we commonly repose in bland ignorance — would take just about six or seven years, the mammalogists calculate, to overrun, and to strip as clean as a polished skull, the entirety of the earth.



THE GRIEVING WIND

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

FOR the wind that blows around their houses' eaves
 These people have a word, they say, "It grieves."
 And that is the right word for the wind out there
 When days are closing in and fields grow bare.

Yet even in the summer on this coast
 Always in broad daylight there is a ghost
 At every house's corner to warn men
 That death and winter always come again.

It is a good thing for householders to know
 They who sleep under wool will sleep under snow,
 Come so many more of the brief nights,
 And wind at last will blow out the last lights.

It may well be that wind — what man can tell? —
 Is the thing that keeps coast people well.
 What are ghosts for if not to do the duty
 Of warning men to make the most of beauty?

Hark, the little slender grief is there!
 Aeolian harp woven of empty air.
 So say your best words, comfort your love, your friend.
 There are the snow and silences at the end.

A PROFESSOR RUNS FOR OFFICE

BY LYLE OWEN

COLLEGE students sometimes ask us professors of the social sciences, after they have spent a semester or two listening to us explain what's wrong with this country besides the disappearance of five-cent cigars, why *we* don't do something about it, if we are so smart. Specifically, they say, why don't you instructors run for office — the state legislature or Congress, for example — and bring your vast knowledge and superior intelligence to bear upon these ills which rack our land?

All right, I thought, I'll try it. Surely my fellow citizens could use a long-time student of such subjects as Federal, state and local government; taxation, money and banking; the assorted problems of labor, population and agriculture.

My first candidacy was in 1943, when my home state of Missouri was selecting delegates for a state constitutional convention. The sixty-eight district delegates were to be chosen on a frankly partisan basis by the various party committees. I knew that someone like myself, without an established

reputation as one of the faithful, would have no chance at all against keen competition for a position which paid off at ten dollars a day.

Fifteen additional delegates, however, were to be elected from the state at large — and on a nonpartisan ballot. That seemed to be the place for a scholar, and I entered my name.

The first task was to persuade 2,500 people to sign my nominating petition. Many voters said or implied that they were above having anything to do with a petition or a candidacy, because all politics and politicians (looking meaningfully at me) are dirty. I patiently explained that this race was not politics in the ordinary sense; that it was supposed to be nonpartisan; that, furthermore, the second and nobler definition of politics was "the art of policy-formation," and that there could be no government without politics and politicians in this sense.

Occasionally, encouragement came from an unexpected quarter. One party leader in Springfield, after first having refused to sign my nonpartisan nominating petition (and thus pre-

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venting my getting the signatures of his employees and associates who would have signed if he had) later came to me and said, "I've been thinking it over. I want to sign your petition. After all, it is the independents — the 20 per cent of the people who have guts enough to change their minds once in a while — who keep politics decent in this country."

In spite of such rays of hope, the most constant impression the candidate gets is the tremendous inertia of a vast number of people. For example, there was the hotel proprietor who said he wouldn't help anyone become a delegate because he liked the Missouri Constitution just the way it was. I wanted to ask him if he *knew* what it was: sadly out of date like most of our state constitutions, poorly drawn even when new, and now with the barnacles of sixty amendments clinging to its anachronistic sides. But the political tact I was rapidly acquiring softened my words, and after another minute of conversation he unconsciously let me know the extent of his knowledge of the revered document. He asked me if it had ever been amended!

Then there was the lady who herself had been a candidate for the state legislature and barely missed election. She said she would have liked to give me her support, but had learned that I once taught at Carnegie Institute of Technology. Under the circumstances she couldn't support me because she didn't believe in Technocracy.

People wanted to know how my professorial salary — which I had to

give up to make the race — compared with what I would make if I were elected delegate. When they learned I would be making *less* as an officeholder, they were surer than ever that some devilish ulterior purpose was being hidden from them. Analogies helped some: I asked them why they thought Hughes was willing to give up a private law practice estimated at \$500,000 a year to serve on the Supreme Court at \$20,000. Some of them thought it was because he had discovered a particularly juicy graft on the side. But most of them looked surprised, apparently considering the matter seriously for the first time in their lives.

II

For thirty-four of us, enough signatures were secured to place our names on the delegate-at-large ballot — a "nonpartisan" ballot, be it remembered. The fifteen receiving the most votes would be elected.

After having secured a nomination, I campaigned actively up to election day: speaking, handshaking, letter writing, mailing out literature, advertising in newspapers — doing everything I thought might help. I wanted the satisfaction of knowing that I had tried hard, even though by this time I was pretty sure of what was happening to me in Jefferson City. The ballot — the good old nonpartisan ballot which would give the amateur a chance — was to be rigged.

It is generally conceded that a high

position on a long ballot is a big advantage. Position wouldn't matter if voting were a rational thing, but it is not altogether that. There were various ways in which the Secretary of State might have arranged our thirty-four names on the ballot. Fairest of all would have been rotation of the names, so that each candidate would appear in each place on the ballot an equal number of times. Missouri law requires such rotation in primary elections, but the law did not cover this special election.

The Secretary of State, apparently by prearrangement with state party leaders, exercised his discretion in the following way. First, the state party committees met and picked their favorite fifteen from the thirty-four. Needless to say, I was not among them. Next, the Secretary of State placed these fifteen in a block at the head of the ballot. Just before the election, party leaders distributed a million sample ballots urging the first fifteen in the name of "harmony."

The first fifteen won. My own total was respectable — much better than that of the poorest runners. But no candidate whose name was lower than fifteenth on the ballot really endangered any of the favored fifteen.

That ended my first adventure in statesmanship. The second attempt, after another year of teaching, was for a seat in the Missouri legislature, to represent my home county in the Ozark Highland. In this rural county the Republican primary determines the final winners, since the county

goes Republican by about 2 to 1 in general elections. This is the average, and the one-party preponderance is as moderate as it is only because of several localities into which there has been an influx of non-natives in the last quarter-century — largely retired city people, or tradesmen attracted by the growing tourist business. Farther inside the wilderness, the Republican vote is often almost unanimous. One precinct in Taney County went 64 to 0 for Dewey last November.

These hill counties are the "solid North." Most of the Missouri Ozarkians are descendants of early settlers who moved from non-slaveholding hill or mountain regions farther East. There is not a single Negro in my county today, and even in ante-bellum days there were very few. Republicanism is well-nigh hereditary.

Party regularity is a prerequisite for success in such an environment. I was a bit suspect on that score, for it was bruited about that my father and mother had occasionally been known to stoop so low as to vote Democratic. Naturally enough, my rivals made the most of this foul news, and their story found ready ears.

III

Four of us entered the Republican primary. There was none so suicidal as to attempt the campaign as a Democrat. Clearly, then, the August primary election would settle our fate. For several months I spent nearly all my waking hours at campaigning:

preparing literature, visiting people in their homes, talking with them on village streets on Saturdays, making a speech whenever I could get a few listeners together. One thing which I thought a worthwhile innovation in legislative campaigning, and which should have been helpful to the people in making up their minds among the four of us, was a 16-page pamphlet which I got to every family in the county. In it I discussed, in concrete terms and with a minimum of ballyhoo, the leading problems of Missouri state government, and what the legislature might do about them.

But the pamphlet, though simply designed and widely distributed, was not much read, chiefly because of "functional" illiteracy — failure to read in fact. Contrary to popular opinion, not many people are wholly illiterate even in the Ozarks. There are many, however, for whom reading is not easy enough to provide either pleasure or much meaning. This is no special criticism of my home hills, for functional illiteracy is common in larger cities as well. Forty-five per cent of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters could not name his running mate, according to a Gallup poll just before the election. Why? My guess is that that figure represents functional illiterates — those who cannot or do not read even the newspapers, beyond perhaps the comic sheets and the sports page.

My speeches were not very partisan — mostly about much needed changes in the state government. I announced

my intention, if elected, of considering these changes on their merit rather than because of party label. Sometimes when I said that, I saw listeners turn away. Once a man whom I had known since my boyhood, and who I believe originally intended to support me, left when I said our country needs two parties, each serving as a means of throwing the other out if necessary. He wanted only one: the Republican Party. After I finished my speech, I saw him in a huddle with one of my rivals who had just driven up. And on election day my old friend strongly supported that rival — who won, by the way.

Maybe I just didn't understand the art of campaign oratory. Maybe I should have taken lessons from another professional man of my county, a preacher who was also a candidate for public office, about how to combine vote-getting with the higher life. This gentleman once performed the surprising feat of combining a campaign speech with a funeral sermon. Taking a last look at the corpse, he closed with these words: "Folks, I've did all I could for pore Brother ——. Now you do all you can for me."

My lengthy absences from the home county while engaged in studying and teaching engendered a suspicion which I was not quite able to overcome. Though I own a farm in Taney County and live on it a part of each year, there is some tendency to regard me as a "furriner." There was a general belief that I must be out of touch with local needs. This was not

true; I had always kept up with community doings and problems. But even if it had been true, would not this defect have been offset by the increased knowledge and vision which forays into the outside world may bring? The Missouri legislature, similar to most in its make-up, year after year contains a few men of astonishingly high quality; a few skimmings from the scum either of crookedness or plain ignorance; and a host of mediocrities who are good, well-intentioned men totally unprepared by learning, experience, or imagination to view a state's problems in the large.

IV

Perhaps my chief disappointment in both campaigns was the lack of good discussions. I had looked forward to getting the ideas of all kinds of people — thousands of them — about the basic problems of state and local government. I believe, for instance, that the legislative branch is today, in make-up and procedure, the weakest link in state government; and I wanted to test this belief against the opinions of others. But few had opinions on the basic problems, and fewer still could illumine opinion with fact or argument. The expressions I did get were mostly about the minutiae of government, such as the condition of the road past someone's home, or whether the fishing season opened early enough.

I found much dark suspicion toward the man of ideas, especially if the ideas came from books. But my Uncle

Billy convinced me that there are times when having read a book comes in handy, even in the Ozarks. This uncle, a reader though not too well schooled in the formal sense, once stayed all night with a hill family, typically Republican, in a neighboring county. The family included two men: an elderly father and a son in his early twenties. After supper the three men fell to discussing affairs of state, and the names of various American Presidents got into question. The young hillman stoutly maintained that Abraham Lincoln, a Republican, was the first President of the United States. My uncle argued futilely for a while, then happily remembered his pocket almanac which contained a list of the Presidents, proving that a few other men had managed to steer the ship of state before the first Republican skipper was found. Uncle was afraid that he had hurt his hosts' feelings. The young man did seem considerably taken aback by this display of book learning. But the old man, who apparently was not so ardent a partisan as his son, spoke privately to Uncle as he was leaving the next morning:

"Mister," he said, "I'm right glad somebody took that boy down a notch. He was gettin' well-nigh unbearable 'round here about this Republican business. I'm right glad an eddicated man like you come along and put him in his place."

People seem to believe that ballots should be long, as well as be partisan. For instance, in my county the coroner is an elective official, and he runs

on a national party ticket. This office is administrative rather than policy-making, and should be filled by appointment rather than by election. Yet the coroner is on the ballot — and the Republican candidate always wins.

My friend Johnny Baxter, once coroner of our county, agrees that the position is one to be filled by a qualified expert. Johnny is a smart man, but he admits he didn't know what he was doing when he served, simply because he was not trained for the job. "One time," he told me, "they found a feller over behind Hollister with a bullet hole through his head. They called me over, and it was easy enough to see that one end of the hole was in his mouth and the other in the back of his neck. But I'll be blowed if I could figger which end the bullet went in; and it makes a difference when you're trying to decide whether the feller done it himself or had some help. About two hundred of the neighbors dropped in, and we all argued about it a while, and couldn't make up our minds. Finally I just called it suicide; I figgered that wouldn't cause nobody any trouble."

My experience showed that where campaigning covers only a small territory, as for a seat in a state legislature, it is possible for an active candidate to contact most voters. Here a party label — especially a national one — is not only unnecessary but actually a detriment to the picking of the best man. Two states, Minnesota and Nebraska, use nonpartisan ballots in the election of state legislators; and I

planned, if elected, to push this reform in Missouri.

Not long ago Missouri shifted to a nonpartisan ballot for the higher judges. The same little precinct in Taney County which voted about 64 to 0 against everything labeled Democratic on the ticket, from President to coroner, gave a certain candidate for Supreme Court Judge the leading vote, not realizing it was voting for a Democrat — which is what he happens to be. The difference was due solely to the absence of a party label from the judiciary ballot.

V

There were many times during my two campaigns when I felt, with shame, that the paralyzing cowardice which I had noted in so many public men was creeping upon me; and this moral deterioration was induced by the partisanship that most voters seemed to breathe, eat and excrete. True, I spoke up too often for my own good; but more and more I found myself remaining discreetly and ambiguously silent while utter nonsense and poisonous slander were spewed about. I needed votes.

It has been said that there is no coward like a candidate, and a little examination shows why. To get along in most livelihoods one need only satisfy a group considerably less than a majority: his employer, his customers, perhaps a few others. But in politics the typical necessity is winning, and continuing to hold, something like a

majority of the people. As a result, the temptation to be all things to all men is nearly overwhelming.

Let those who think they would be completely honest explain how they would answer words like these, addressed to me by a voter of my precinct on election morning: "Look here, Lyle, you help me and I'll help you. I need a dollar."

I heard many variations on this pecuniary theme, though usually they were put more delicately. A candidate is expected, for instance, to hire drivers to haul "his" voters to the polls on primary election day. Sometimes the fee is nothing more than the purchase of one man's good will, for the driver may get drunk or lazy and haul only himself. Other drivers work conscientiously. But even then the system is bad, since its purpose is to place voters under obligation so that they will feel morally bound to help the candidate who paid for the ride.

A man long active in politics in my county tells me that in his youth voters did not expect to be hauled. He says the custom arose with the coming of woman suffrage. Whatever the origin, it is astonishing how many people look upon voting not as a chance to see that *their* government is efficiently and honestly run, but as doing some candidate a favor. Hence, they expect that he, in all decency, should return the favor by hauling them to town, where they can get in the week's shopping and visiting while voting for him.

I knew that it was genuinely difficult for some people, lacking a con-

veyance, to come in to vote. It seemed to me that as a compromise between no hauling and competitive hauling we candidates might contribute equally for joint hauling. But like most of my ideas, this one was a little "advanced."

The campaigner's education never ends. I had to leave the halls of learning and go back into the hills to learn about the Jesuit plot, for instance. One of the local savants told me about it, as we pondered the state of the Union in his living room. Every college and university in America is controlled by the Jesuits, he said.

I thought I knew something about higher education, but I didn't know *that*. All the higher officials in the Roosevelt administration were Jesuits, too, it seems. Roosevelt himself was one. When I remarked mildly that I had understood FDR was an Episcopalian, my friend — an influential man in his community, and therefore one whose support I particularly wanted — informed me that that Episcopalian business was just a blind. It seems that Roosevelt secretly joined the Jesuits when quite a young man, and then, under their orders, became a member of a Protestant denomination more easily to wreak his evil designs. Under similar instructions, the Cabinet members and Congressional leaders, after first taking the Jesuit oath, joined various innocent-looking churches. The New Deal was the result.

While I didn't get elected, I did get educated. Smarting, I returned to the cloister, where I now dilute my theories with the sweat of the hustings

THE BIG BLACK AND WHITE GAME

A Story

BY RAY BRADBURY

THE people filled the stands behind the wire screen, waiting. Us kids, dripping from the lake, ran between the white cottages, past the resort hotel, screaming, and sat on the bleachers making wet bottom marks. The hot sun beat down through the tall oak trees around the baseball diamond. Our fathers and mothers, in golf pants and light summer dresses, scolded us and made us sit still.

We looked toward the hotel and the back door of the vast kitchen, expectantly. A few colored women began walking across the shade-freckled area between, and in ten minutes the far left section of the bleachers was mellow with the color of their fresh-washed faces and arms. After all these years, whenever I think back on it, I can still hear the sounds they made. The sound on the warm air was like a soft moving of dove voices, each time they talked between themselves.

Everybody quickened into amusement, laughter rose right up into the clear blue Wisconsin sky, as the kitchen door flung wide and out ran the big

and little, the dark and high-yellar, uniformed Negro waiters, janitors, busboys, boatmen, cooks, bottlewashers, sodajerks, gardeners, and golf-links tenders. They came capering, showing their fine white teeth, proud of their new, red-striped uniforms, their shiny shoes rising and coming down on the green grass as they skirted the bleachers and drifted with lazy speed out on the field, calling to everybody and everything.

Us kids squealed. There was Long Johnson, the lawn-cutting man, and Cavanaugh, the soda-fountain man, and Shorty Smith and Pete Brown and Jiff Miller!

And *there* was Big Poe! Us kids shouted, applauded!

Big Poe was the one who stood so tall by the popcorn machine every night in the million-dollar dance pavilion farther down beyond the hotel on the lake rim. Every night I bought popcorn from Big Poe and he poured lots of butter all over it for me.

I stomped and yelled, "Big Poe! Big Poe!"

RAY BRADBURY, currently at work on his first novel, has been represented in anthologies of weird and unusual tales. This is his first appearance in THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

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And he looked over at me and stretched his lips to bring out his teeth, waved, and shouted a laugh.

And Mama looked to the right, to the left, and back of us with worried eyes and nudged my elbow. "Hush," she said. "Hush."

"Land, land," said the lady next to my mother, fanning herself with a folded paper. "This is quite a day for the colored servants, ain't it? Only time of year they break loose. They look forward all summer to the big Black and White game. But this ain't nothing. You seen their Cake Walk Jamboree?"

"We got tickets for it," said Mother. "For tonight at the pavilion. Cost us a dollar each. That's pretty expensive, I'd say."

"But I always figure," said the woman, "once a year you got to spend. And it's really something to watch them dance. They just naturally got . . ."

"Rhythm," said Mother.

"That's the word," said the lady. "Rhythm. That's what they got. Land, you should see the colored maids up at the hotel. They been buying satin yardage in at the big store in Madison for a month now. And every spare minute they sit sewing and laughing. And I seen some of the feathers they bought for their hats. Mustard and wine ones and blue ones and violet ones. Oh, it'll be a sight!"

"They been airing out their tuxedos," I said. "I saw them hanging on lines behind the hotel all last week!"

"Look at them prance," said Mother.

"You'd think they thought they were going to win the game from our men."

The colored men ran back and forth and yelled with their high, fluting voices and their low, lazy, interminable voices. Way out in center field you could see the flash of teeth, their up-raised naked black arms swinging and beating their sides as they hopped up and down and ran like rabbits, exuberantly.

Big Poe took a double fistful of bats, bundled them on his huge bull shoulder and strutted along the first base line, head back, mouth smiling wide open, his tongue moving, singing:

— gonna dance all over my shoes,
When they play them Jelly Roll Blues;
Tomorrow night at the Dark Town Strut-
ters' Ball!

Up went his knees and down and out, swinging the bats like musical batons. A burst of applause and soft laughter came from the left-hand grandstands where all the young, ripply colored girls with shiny brown eyes sat eager and easy. They made quick motions that were graceful and mellow because, maybe, of their rich coloring. Their laughter was like shy birds; they waved at Big Poe, and one of them with a high voice cried, "Oh, Big Poe! Oh, Big Poe!"

The white section joined politely in the applause as Big Poe finished his cake walk. "Hey, Big Poe!" I yelled again.

"Stop that, Douglas!" said Mother, straight at me.

Now the white men came running between the trees with their uniforms

on. There was a great thunder and shouting and rising up in our grandstand. The white men ran across the green diamond, flashing white.

"Oh, there's Uncle George!" said Mother. "My, doesn't he look nice?" And there was my Uncle George toddling along in his outfit which didn't quite fit because Uncle has a pot-belly, and jowls that sit out over any collar he puts on. He was hurrying along, trying to breathe and smile at the same time, lifting up his pudgy little legs. "My, they look so nice," enthused Mother.

II

I sat there, watching their movements. Mother sat beside me and I think she was comparing and thinking, too, and what she saw amazed and disconcerted her. How easily the dark people had come running, first, like those slow-motion deer and buck antelopes in those African moving pictures, like things in dreams. They came like beautiful brown, shiny animals that didn't know they were alive, but lived. And when they ran and put their easy, lazy, timeless legs out and followed them with their big, sprawling arms and loose fingers and smiled in the blowing wind, their expressions didn't say, "Look at *me* run, look at *me* run!" No, not at all. Their faces gleefully said, "Lord, but it's sure nice to run. See the ground swell soft under me? Gosh, I feel good. My muscles are moving like oil on my bones and it's the best pleasure in the

world to run." And they ran. There was no purpose to their running but exhilaration and living.

The white men worked at their running as they worked at everything. You felt embarrassed for them because they were alive too much in the wrong way. Always looking from the corners of their eyes to see if you were watching. The Negroes didn't care if you watched or not; they went on living, moving. They were so sure of playing that they didn't have to think about it any more.

"My, but our men look so nice," said my mother, repeating herself rather flatly. She had seen, compared the teams. Inside, she realized how laxly the colored men hung swaying in their uniforms, and how tensely, nervously the white men were crammed, shoved and belted into *their* outfits.

I guess the tenseness began then.

I guess everybody saw what was happening. They saw how the white men looked like senators in sunsuits. And they admired the graceful unawareness of the colored men. And, as is always the case, that admiration turned to envy, to jealousy, to irritation. It turned to conversation like:

"That's my husband, Tom, on third base. Why doesn't he pick up his *feet*? He just *stands* there."

"Never you mind, never you mind. He'll pick 'em up when the time comes!"

"That's what *I* say! Now, take my Henry, for instance. Henry mightn't be active all the time, but when there's a crisis — just you *watch* him. Uh —

I do wish he'd wave or something, though. Oh, *there!* Hello, Henry!"

"Look at that Jimmie Cosner playing around out there!"

I looked. A medium-sized white man with a freckled face and red hair was clowning on the diamond. He was balancing a bat on his forehead. There was laughter from the white grandstand. But it sounded like the kind of laughter you laugh when you're embarrassed for someone.

"Play ball!" said the umpire.

A coin was flipped. The colored men batted first. "Darn it," said my mother. The colored men ran in from the field, happily.

Big Poe was first to bat. I cheered. He picked up the bat in one hand like a toothpick and idled over to the plate and laid the bat back on his thick shoulder, smiling along its polished surface toward the stands where the colored women sat with their fresh flowery cream dresses stirring over their legs which hung down between the seat intervals like crisp new sticks of ginger; their hair was all fancily spun and hung over their ears. Big Poe looked in particular at the little, dainty as a chicken-bone shape of his girl friend Katherine. She was the one who made the beds at the hotel and cottages every morning, who tapped on your door like a bird and politely asked if you was done dreaming, cause if you was she'd clean away all them old nightmares and bring in a fresh batch — please use them *one* at a time, thank yoah. Big Poe shook his head, looking at her, as if he couldn't

believe she was there. Then he turned, one hand balancing the bat, his left hand dangling free at his side, to await the trial pitches. They hissed past, spatted into the open mouth of the catcher's mitt, were hurled back. The umpire grunted. The next pitch was the starter.

Big Poe let the first ball go by him. "Stee-rike!" announced the umpire. Big Poe winked good-naturedly at the white folks. *Bang!* "Stee-rike two!" cried the umpire.

The ball came for the third time.

Big Poe was suddenly a greased machine pivoting, the dangling hand swept up to the butt-end of the bat, the bat swiveled, connected with the ball — *whack!* the ball shot up into the sky, away down toward the wavering line of oak trees, down toward the lake where a white sail boat slid silently by. The crowd yelled, *me* loudest! There went Uncle George running on his stubby, wool-stockinged legs, getting smaller with distance.

Big Poe stood for a moment watching the ball go. Then he began to run. He went around the bases, loping, and on the way home from third base he waved to the colored girls naturally and happily and they waved back, standing on their seats and shrilling.

Ten minutes later, with the bases loaded and run after run being driven in, and Big Poe coming to bat again, my mother turned to me. "They're the most inconsiderate people," she said.

"But that's the game," I said. "They've only got two outs."

"But the score's seven to nothing," my mother protested.

"Well, just you wait until *our* men come to bat," said the lady next to my mother, waving away a fly with a pale, blue-veined hand. "Those Negroes are too big for their britches."

"Stee-ri-ke twol!" said the umpire, as Big Poe swung.

"All the past week at the hotel," said the woman next to my mother, staring out at Big Poe steadily, "the hotel service has been simply terrible. Those maids don't talk about a thing save the Cake Walk Jamboree, and whenever you want ice water it takes them half an hour to fetch it, they're so busy sewing."

"Ball one!" said the umpire.

The woman fussed. "I'll be glad when this week's over, that's what I got to say," she said.

"Ball twol!" said the umpire to Big Poe.

"Are they going to *walk* him?" asked my mother of me. "Are they *crazy*?" To the woman next to her: "That's right. They been acting funny all week. Last night I had to tell Big Poe twice to put extra butter on my popcorn. I guess he was trying to save money or something."

"Ball three!" said the umpire.

The lady next to my mother cried out suddenly and fanned herself furiously with her newspaper. "Land, I just *thought*! Wouldn't it be awful if they *won* the game? They *might*, you know. They *might* do it."

My mother looked at the lake, at the trees, at her hands. "I don't know

why Uncle George had to play. Make a fool of himself. Douglas, you run tell him to quit right now. It's bad on his heart."

"You're out!" cried the umpire to Big Poe.

"Ah," sighed the grandstand.

The side was retired. Big Poe laid down his bat gently and walked along the base line. The white men pattered in from the field looking red and irritable, with big islands of sweat under their armpits. Big Poe looked over at me. I winked at him. He winked back. Then I knew that he wasn't so dumb.

He'd struck out on purpose.

III

Long Johnson was going to pitch for the colored team.

He ambled out to the rubber, worked his fingers around in his fists to limber them up.

First white man to bat was a man named Kodimer, who sold suits in Chicago all year round.

Long Johnson fed them over the plate with tired, unassuming, controlled accuracy.

Mr. Kodimer chopped. Mr. Kodimer swatted. Finally Mr. Kodimer bunted the ball down the third baseline.

"Out at first base," said the umpire, an Irishman named Mahoney.

Second man up was a young Swede named Moberg. He hit a high fly to center field which was taken by a little plump Negro who didn't look fat because he moved around like a smooth, round glob of mercury.

Third man up was a Milwaukee truck driver. He whammed a line drive to center field. It was good. Except that he tried to stretch it into a two-bagger. When he pulled up at second base, there was Emancipated Smith with a white pellet in his dark, dark hand, waiting.

My mother sank back in her seat, exhaling. "Well, I *never!*"

"It's getting hotter," said the lady elbow-next. "Think I'll go for a stroll by the lake soon. It's too hot to sit and watch a silly game today. Mightn't you come along with me, Missus?" she asked Mother.

It went on that way for five innings.

It was eleven to nothing and Big Poe had struck out three times on purpose, and in the last half of the fifth was when Jimmie Cosner came to bat for our side again. He'd been trying all afternoon, clowning, giving directions, telling everybody just where he was going to blast that pill once he got hold of it. He swaggered up to the plate now, confident and bugle-voiced. He swung six bats in his thin hands, eyeing them critically with his shiny green little eyes. He chose one, dropped the others, ran to the plate, chopping out little islands of green fresh lawn with his cleated heels. He pushed his cap back on his dusty red hair. "Watch this!" he called out loud to the ladies. "You watch me show these dark boys! Ya-hah!"

Long Johnson on the mound did a slow serpentine wind-up. It was like a snake on a limb of a tree, uncoiling, suddenly darting at you. Instantly,

Johnson's hand was in front of him, open, like black fangs, empty. And the white pill slashed across the plate with a sound like a razor.

"Stee-ri-ke!" cried the umpire.

Jimmie Cosner put his bat down and stood glaring at the umpire. He said nothing for a long time. Then he spat deliberately near the catcher's foot, took up the yellow maple bat again and swung it so the sun glinted the rim of it in a nervous halo. He twitched and sidled it on his thin-boned shoulder and his mouth opened and shut over his long nicotined teeth.

Clap! went the catcher in his mitt.

Cosner turned, stared.

The catcher, like a black magician, his white teeth beaming, opened up his oily glove. There, like a white flower growing, was the baseball.

"Stee-ri-ke two!" said the umpire far away in the heat.

Jimmie Cosner laid his bat across the plate and hunched his freckled hands on his hips. "You mean to tell me that was a strike?"

"That's what I said," said the umpire. "Pick up the bat."

"To hit you on the head with," said Cosner sharply.

"Play ball or hit the showers!"

Jimmie Cosner worked his mouth to collect enough saliva to spit, then angrily swallowed it, swore a bitter oath instead. Reaching down he raised the bat, poised it like a musket on his shoulder.

And here came the ball! It started out small and wound up big in front of him. Powie! An explosion off the

yellow bat. The ball spiraled up and up. Jimmie lit out for first base. The ball paused as if thinking about gravity up there in the sky. A wave came in on the shore of the lake and fell down. The crowd yelled. Jimmie ran. The ball made its decision, came down. A lithe high-yellar was under it, fumbled it. The ball spilled to the turf, was plucked up, hurled to first base.

Jimmie saw he was going to be out. So he jumped feet first at the base.

Everyone saw his cleats go into Big Poe's ankle. Everybody saw the red blood. Everybody heard the shout, the shriek, the heavy clouds of dust rising.

"I'm safe!" protested Jimmie, two minutes later.

IV

Big Poe sat on the ground. The entire dark team stood around him. The doctor bent down, probed Big Poe's ankle, saying, "Mmmm" and "Pretty bad. Here." And he swabbed colored medicine on it and got a white bandage on it.

The umpire gave Cosner the cold-water eye. "Hit the showers!"

"Like hell!" said Cosner. And he stood on that first base, blowing his cheeks out and in, his freckled hands swaying at his sides. "I'm safe. I'm stayin' right here, by God! No nigger put *me* out!"

"No," said the umpire. "A white man did. *Me. Get!*"

"He didn't touch me! Look up the rules! I'm safe!"

The umpire and Cosner stood glaring at each other.

Big Poe looked up from having his swollen ankle tended. His voice was thick and gentle and his eyes examined Jimmie Cosner gently.

"Yes, he's safe, Mr. Umpire. Leave him stay. He's safe."

I was standing right there. I heard the whole thing. Me and some other kids had run out on the field to see. My mother kept calling me to come back to the stands.

"Yes, he's safe," said Big Poe again.

All the colored men let out a yell.

"What's a matter with you, black boy? You get hit in the head?"

"You heard me," replied Big Poe quietly. He looked at the doctor bandaging him. "He's safe. Leave him stay."

The umpire swore.

"Okay, okay. So he's safe!"

The umpire stalked off, his back stiff, his neck red.

Big Poe was helped up. "Better not walk on that," cautioned the doctor.

"I can walk," whispered Big Poe carefully.

"Better not play."

"I can play," said Big Poe gently, certainly, shaking his head, wet streaks drying under his white eyes. "I'll play *good*." He looked no place at all. "I'll play plenty good."

"Oh," said the second base colored man. It was a funny sound.

All the colored men looked at each other, at Big Poe, then at Jimmie

Cosner, at the sky, at the lake, the crowd. They walked off, quietly, to take their places. Big Poe stood with his bad foot hardly touching the ground, balanced. The doctor argued. But Big Poe waved him away.

"Batter up!" cried the umpire.

We got settled in the stands again. My mother pinched my leg and asked me why I couldn't sit still. It got warmer. Three or four more waves fell on the shore line. Behind the wire screen the ladies fanned their wet faces and the men inched their rumps forward on the wooden planks, held papers over their scowling brows to see Big Poe standing like a redwood tree out there on first base; Jimmie Cosner standing in the immense shade of that dark tree.

Young Moberg came up to bat for our side.

"Come on, Swede, come on, Swede!" was the cry, a lonely cry, like a dry bird, from out on the blazing green turf. It was Jimmie Cosner calling. The grandstand stared at him. The dark heads turned on their moist pivots in the outfield, the black faces came in his direction, looking him over, seeing his thin, nervously arched back. He was the center of the universe.

"Come on, Swede! Let's show these black boys!" laughed Cosner.

He trailed off. There was a complete silence. Only the wind came through the high, glittering trees.

"Come on, Swede, hang one on that old pill . . ."

Long Johnson, on the pitcher's

mound, cocked his head. Slowly, deliberately, he eyed Cosner. A look passed between him and Big Poe and Jimmie Cosner saw the look and shut up and swallowed, hard.

Long Johnson took his time with his wind-up.

Cosner took a lead off base.

Long Johnson stopped loading his pitch.

Cosner skipped back to the bag, kissed his hand, and patted the kiss dead center on the plate. Then he looked up and smiled around.

Again the pitcher coiled up his long, hinged arm, curled loving dark fingers on the leather pellet, drew it back and — Cosner danced off first base. Cosner jumped up and down like a monkey. The pitcher did not look at him. The pitcher's eyes watched secretively, slyly, amusedly, sidewise. Then, snapping his head, the pitcher scared Cosner back to the plate. Cosner stood and jeered.

The third time Long Johnson made as if to pitch, Cosner was far off the plate and running toward second.

Snap went the pitcher's hand. *Bom* went the ball in Big Poe's glove at first base.

Everything was sort of frozen. Just for a second.

V

There was the sun in the sky, the lake and the boats on it, the grandstands, the pitcher on his mound standing with his hand out and down after tossing the ball; there was Big Poe

with the ball in his mighty black hand; there was the infield staring, crouching in at the scene, and there was Jimmie Cosner running, kicking up dirt, the only moving thing in the entire summer world.

Big Poe leaned forward, sighted toward second base, drew back his mighty right hand and hurled that white baseball straight down along the line until it reached Jimmie Cosner's head.

Next instant, the spell was broken.

Jimmie Cosner lay flat on the burning grass. People boiled out of the grandstands. Men snatched up yellow maple bats. There was swearing and screaming of women, a clattering of wood as the men rushed down the wooden boards of the bleachers. The colored team ran in from the field. Jimmie Cosner lay there. Big Poe, no expression on his face, limped off the field, pushing white men away from him like clothespins when they tried topping him. He just picked them up and threw them away.

"Lynch 'em! Kill 'em, kill 'em!" someone shouted.

"Come on, Douglas!" shrieked Mother, grabbing me. "Let's get some! They might have razors! Oh!"

That night, after the near riot of the afternoon, my folks stayed home reading magazines. All the cottages round us were lighted. Everybody was home. Distantly, I heard music.

I slipped out the back door into the ripe summer-night darkness and ran toward the dance pavilion. All the lights were on, and music played.

But there were no white people at the tables. Nobody had come to the Jamboree.

There were only colored folks. Women in bright red and blue satin gowns and net stockings and soft gloves, with wine-plume hats, and men in glossy tuxedos. The music crashed out, around, down, and around the floor. And laughing and stepping high, flinging their polished shoes out and up in the cake walk was Long Johnson and Cavanaugh and Jiff Miller and Pete Brown, and — limping — Big Poe and Katherine his girl, and all the other lawn-cutters and boatmen and janitors and chambermaids, all on the floor at one time.

It was so dark all around the pavilion, the stars shone in the black sky, and I stood outside, my nose against the window, looking in for a long long time, silently.

I went to bed without telling anyone what I'd seen.

I just lay in the dark smelling the ripe apples in the dimness and hearing the lake at night, and listening to that distant, faint and wonderful music. Just before I slept I heard those last strains again:

— gonna dance all over my shoes,
When they play those Jelly Roll Blues;
Tomorrow night at the Dark Town Strut-
ter's Ball!

DOOM OVER JAPAN

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON

THE greatest armed might ever assembled is closing in upon doomed Japan. The magnitude of the air, sea and land power that is being marshalled awes and staggers the imagination. It makes the force that crushed Germany look puny by comparison.

America is sending the greatest war fleet the world ever saw. Our Navy today has 25 battleships, 70 cruisers, 125,000 vessels in all. That is more vessels than the Navy had men when the war clouds first began to gather.

Our air strength is on the same scale. The Navy now has 105 carriers; it has 35,000 planes. The Army has 40,000 combat planes, including the most powerful bombers ever built, the B-29's, designed for this particular job. We had built 2168 of these giant planes up to June 1. The thousands of Flying Fortresses and Liberators, the heavy bombers that with the British heavies hammered Germany to industrial extinction, are on the way to join in the grim work of destroying Japan.

By January, 3,000,000 more American soldiers will be in Asia, to be added to the formidable force already

there. The world's greatest merchant fleet, ours, with 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons of shipping, will take them there, and keep them supplied across the vast seas, three times as wide as the Atlantic.

We shall not be alone. Freed from duty in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, hundreds of British warships are already in the Pacific and more are on the way. At Okinawa, they helped us directly, and their operations to the south keep drawing off Japanese strength. The RAF's Lancasters will almost immediately join our heavies on the bombing runs to Japan, escorted by the British superfighters. Canada will send to the Pacific war 60 warships and 30,000 combat troops to fight under American command. France, the Netherlands, Australia and New Zealand are also supplying ships and men.

It is estimated that the fighting men (including the Navy) eventually to be marshalled against Japan will total 15,000,000 men, most of them veterans, all superbly equipped.

Japanese leaders know this. Japan had observers in Germany; they saw

THOMAS M. JOHNSON, former foreign correspondent and author of *Our Secret War at Without Censor*, is military writer for the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

the might of the Allies, in the air and on the ground. Their own navy has felt the might of ours. Our submarines and our bombers have destroyed two-thirds of their merchant fleet and blocked their main supply routes. Their great cities lie in ruins. The inevitable outcome, when the full power of the mightiest military machine ever assembled falls upon their second-rate, have-not land, must be apparent to Japanese statesmen and military men. The great riddle is, what will they do?

II

Can we bomb Japan out of the war? Can we make her life so horrible, resistance so impossible, that she must surrender unconditionally without an invasion by us? We almost did it to Germany — and Japan is much more vulnerable to bombing than was Germany. The Army says, "We can positively destroy Japan's industry." The question is, as Admiral Nimitz points out, "How much can the Japs take?" Nobody knows, and experts disagree. For one thing, it is not easy to find out what is going on inside Japan. But we have some facts we do have.

Our recent spectacular air raids are the more devastating because they hit a body already weakened. This is not the beginning of a warfare of attrition; it is the beginning of the end. Ever since Pearl Harbor we have been knocking Japan down.

Japan cannot live without ships. In one and a half years, our submarines alone have sunk by gun or torpedo

4,500,000 tons of Japanese shipping, including many tankers, four carriers, 17 cruisers, and half Japan's indispensable fishing fleet. Submarine commanders have cleaned up the southwest Pacific. They have blockaded the China coast, backed the Japanese against their own shoreline, chivied them into shallow waters to be spotted by day by our multiplying surface vessels and planes.

Our submarines, warships, and planes, all told, have sunk 6000 ships of seven million tons, including virtually all Japan's larger ones. Japan has left barely two million tons of ships, not really enough to serve the normal needs of just the home islands. Many are small wooden "delivery trucks" slinking along the coast at night. Even in the Japan and Inland Seas our young men have managed to strafe and bomb them.

Naval air is closing in. From the world's greatest carrier fleets a thousand planes hurtle at Japan's merchant shipping or the remnant of her navy. Lately, naval air damaged 19 warships in the once secluded Inland Seas. Says Admiral William F. Halsey, "Our ships can safely go anywhere between the two Poles."

Airplanes and airmen go first in the great deployment to the Pacific, for Japan is a bomber's dream. Germany nearly succumbed to bombing alone. Yet Germany's area was 213,000 square miles; Japan's is 148,000. In Germany's industrial area, three times Japan's, there were three times as many targets to be destroyed, and they were

much better dispersed. Most of Japan's industrial cities are on or near the ocean, so that planes approach with almost no warning. They do not have to fly over hundreds of miles of anti-aircraft batteries and hostile air fields to reach the target, as they did in Europe.

Perhaps one-fifth of all production in the home islands of Japan comes from home workshops in flimsy bamboo, wattle and paper houses. Industry is served by railroads of which three-fourths are single track, and many trunk lines skirt the sea through numerous bridges and tunnels that make bottlenecks when bombed. The vulnerable Tokyo yards handle one-third of all Honshu traffic.

All this we are obliterating as already we had virtually obliterated Formosa's not inconsiderable industry. By early summer we had destroyed nearly all the major war production plants in Japan's eight leading cities — of which 100 square miles had been burned — and we were turning our attention to the secondary cities. We had done all this largely with two American products: the B-29 and the M-69. The M-69 is a tube weighing eight pounds which when dropped spits a delicate rose colored oil-gelatine that flames at 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. Another version burns in water. Still another spatters synthetic lava.

Tokyo radio calls the B-29 "Mister Bee"; the Bee's sting is 10 tons of incendiary or high explosive bombs. They now make the grilling 15-hour,

3000-mile round trip from the Marianas. Soon they will be closer-based, and thus more deadly. In April we dropped 10,000 tons of bombs, in May 24,000. In the fine fall weather, one to two thousand bombers will drop ten to twenty thousand tons of bombs — a day. General Arnold announced 2,000,000 tons of bombs would be dropped on Japan within twelve months, which is twice as much as the Allies ever dropped on Germany in a year.

The significant areas — Yokohama's docks, Nagoya's aircraft factories, Osaka's giant arsenal, Tokyo's clotted freightyards and war factories — are picked with cold precision by highly competent anonymous analysts in Washington. They check damage by air photographs whose interpretation becomes ever a more exact science. Their map-overlays show a red stain of ruin spreading daily according to plan.

III

The early summer phase struck at Japan's first line of defense — her air force, just as we struck at Germany's. We have reduced over-all plane production to half of what it was six months ago. The Japanese air force, mid-summer, is almost as impotent as the Luftwaffe in the closing phase of the European war. Their army force has about 400,000 men; the navy 200,000 to fly and maintain combined 4000 combat planes. They can no more put out the conflagration

they kindled December 7, 1941 than their bucket brigades could save Tokyo.

Among the facts we know is that when we blast a Japanese industrial target, it usually stays blasted. The home workshop system is hard to re-establish in a burned-out city. The Japanese do not repair or rebuild damaged factories as quickly or to the degree that the Germans did.

Increasingly they take machines and workers to Korea, North China and especially Manchukuo. Presently, we shall reach them there, too. Meanwhile we harry the attempted dispersal by attacking her land and sea routes.

The old route to her southwestward conquered "Co-Prosperity Sphere," rich in oil, rubber, tin and rice, has been cut.

Okinawa is to be developed as the greatest advance naval and military base ever set up anywhere. Every dock or air strip we install on Okinawa a link in the road to Japan's destruction, for from Okinawa we can cut Japan off from her northwestern reservoirs in China, Manchukuo, Korea we have from her southwestern.

Japan cannot stand that. She is the world's hindmost Have-not, poorest in any great power in raw materials. She has about one-tenth the economic potential of America alone. She produces almost no oil, aluminum, copper or rubber. She has found substitutes — synthetic fuel from low-grade coal, aluminum shale, some synthetic rubber — but increasingly is living upon her fat — wherein

there is no future for heavy warfare.

She put on that fat by milking tributary regions and stock-piling. Again estimates differ, but she has piled up huge supplies of rubber, tin and manganese and some tungsten, lead, zinc and nickel. Our neutralization of Formosa has cut deeply into her aluminum supply, a fact reflected in her airplane designs. She presses castor-beans and pine-roots to replenish the hoarded lubricating oil reserves that her planes and ships are now absorbing. But what is a hoard worth, or a stock pile, after a visit from B-29's?

Japan attained 10 per cent of our total steel production only by using scrap iron we sold her, which cannot last forever. Manchukuo's annual output of steel, at best, equals ours for only one week; of coal two weeks; of oil four days.

These lands northwestward are also now Japan's reserve rations against starvation for her densely packed seventy-five million. Only one-fifth of her homeland area is arable, and she tills almost every square foot of that. Still, she never raised half the food she needed. Now our blockade has cut her down to bare living rations of rice and fish and one pound of vegetables weekly. The government broadcasts instructions for making "delicious bread" from pine sawdust. Women, Buddhist priests and refugees from ruined cities are hurried onto farms to produce food with crude tools made of salvaged metal. Colonies of refugees from bombed cities are

set up — notably in Manchukuo — where they are supposed to become self-sufficient in food.

But few such colonies can do it without help. The Kuriles send fish, but half Japan's fishing boats have been destroyed and our bombers from the Aleutians lately attacked the fisheries. Manchukuo is cultivating eleven million acres of rice, soy beans and grains. Korea sends rice. All funnel into Japan across the straits of Korea and Tsushima.

Already we are blockading the straits by air, sinking the thronging ships. At night her admirals wonder whether and when we will force a way through and into the Japan Sea. They know Halsey has the audacity — and the power.

So Japan braces herself for the last stand.

How desperately fanatical it may be, Okinawa and the "Special Attack Units" portend. Suicide, self-immolation for country and god-emperor, is officially proclaimed Japan's last best hope of victory. The idea is not new; its fruition came only lately, when Japanese airmen began hurtling down, trying to crash-dive their planes upon our ships' decks. They were the "Kamikaze," the reincarnated "heavenly wind" that, dispersing Genghis Khan's fleet, saved Japan. Now, clad in funeral robes, their only weapon is a dagger — and 500 to 2000 pounds of high explosives in planes cheaply built, largely of wood. Pilots' names have already been inscribed in the shrine of heroes, but they are sealed

into their cabins and often followed down by watchers lest they lose their nerve. They can half-steer their flying torpedos — and some have steered them into the water intentionally. Many more have been shot down. Admiral Marc A. Mitscher said lately that 1 per cent hit the target, and that proportion diminishes as we wreck their jump-offs on Kyushu.

Jap suicidal mania has spread. The only single Kamikazi who ever crashed into an air strip thought in the dusk it was a flattop. But lately fifteen of a new species, the "Jiretsu" (Unequaled Loyalists) landed a bomber on an American air strip and burned some of our planes until she, by our embattled grease-monkeys, Suicide rammers have brought down a few B-29's over Tokyo. Two suicide boats smashed into one of our large landing craft in the dark and all sank in one great flash. To form the "Special Attack Units" the navy being shaken up and its new commander, Vice-Admiral Ozawa, said they "will give the best results the least loss." General Tada, head of the technical board, sees "no way to overcome the present crisis."

IV

Japan hopes by desperation to sic the softer Americans at the blood of victory. Her leaders trust in people's fanaticism to endure longer than did the Germans'. And Japanese do draw strength from

versity. But as their radio admits, not too much adversity. In extremes they sometimes become "dazed and listless" or wildly emotional. Officials must remind workers that "our soldiers cannot win with bamboo spears" nor even Kamikaze blow themselves up without planes. Tough Japanese morale is finally beginning to show some signs of deterioration under the "Yakamashi" — excitement — of air raids and fires, that spare not even the Emperor's Honorable Palaces. The privations and bad news permeate despite rigorous censorship and regimentation. We speed the process by leaflets dropped from B-29's. Also by broadcasts to the upper-class Japanese who have shortwave radios. But thus far Japan's government says that it will "fight to the last."

So we marshal force unprecedented, by air, sea and land. While the land forces regroup, reorganize, re-equip and retrain, the air and sea forces, in the greatest siege in history, try to bomb, burn, starve Japan into submission without invasion. Will the effort succeed? Whatever the private views of the men in command — and they vary — all agree that, whether the answer proves to be yes or no, the effort is tremendously worth while,

even inevitable. If it forces surrender, wonderful! If not, it has blazed a way for invasion at far less cost in lives than without the ordeal by fire.

And if needs must, invasion there will be. Perhaps first invasion of China, of Manchukuo, of Korea, perhaps then of Japan, possibly opening the perilous Straits of Korea — Tsushima.

Perhaps we will hit Japan first, then if need be, the northwestern zone. Anyway, the coming operations in Asia promise to be of complexity and scale dwarfing Europe's D-Day.

And when we land, we shall encounter a Japanese army larger than the German army we met — totaling some five million men. They will fight more fanatically than the Germans in fastnesses underground and in the mountains that make some two-thirds of Japan a paradise for drawn-out guerilla warfare.

Allied leaders hope, by B-29 and M-69, by bomb and shell and ship, to avoid that weary, costly task. But they do not shrink from it. With rifle and bayonet, and flame-thrower, we and our Allies have dug and burned the Japs out from Burma to Okinawa. If we must, in Honshu, we can do it again. Japan is doomed.



*H*APPINESS, like every other emotional state, has blindness and insensibility to opposing facts given it as its instinctive weapon for self-protection against disturbance.

— WILLIAM JAMES

THE LIBRARY

Alexander Woollcott

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

FOR at least ten years the name of Alexander Woollcott was perhaps better known to the general American public than that of any other literary figure of the time. As radio commentator, anthologist, actor, dramatic critic, raconteur and guiding spirit of the Algonquin Round Table, he achieved legendary stature not only where the corn grows high and the prairies spread far and wide, but also in the metropolitan centers. Though he couldn't "break" authors, he could "make" them, at least as far as the sales of their books went, and all publishers prayed for a "plug" from him. The masses in New York City and Middletown looked upon him as the arch sophisticate and connoisseur of the literary art, and they generally read and liked what he told them to read and like. The miracles of salesmanship he performed with James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* and *Good-Bye, Mr. Chips* are only two samples of his influence. Even Bennett Cerf, who disliked Woollcott, admits that he "turned several books into best sellers, single-handed . . . Woollcott's enthusiasm could make a book a best seller more surely than anything else."

A man who wielded such power for a whole decade (1933-1942) merits a book, and Samuel Hopkins Adams¹ has written one that is detailed, readable, and of considerable value in American literary history. Though a former friend of his subject, he writes of him, in the main, with apparent objectivity. He portrays Woollcott as an unpredictable, frequently rude and vulgar, sentimentally sloppy, amazingly industrious, kindly and charitable man, who worked his way up from the status of an impecunious reporter to that of a \$2,000 a month dramatic critic and from there to his most widely-known position as Town Crier of the Air. At his zenith he could write practically as he pleased, for almost any of the big circulation magazines he chose; and his prices were among the highest. He was a long-distance talker, frequently monopolizing the conversation of a whole evening, for once he started he could not stop. Apparently only one person awed him into a semblance of silence, and that was the late President Roosevelt, whose friendship he enjoyed.

¹ *A. Woollcott: His Life and His World*, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. \$3.50. Reynal & Hitchcock.

The late President was but one of the eminent personages Woolcott had among his friends, who included a large percentage of men and women prominent in the news. Most of them he at one time or another insulted; yet nearly all of them forgave him and continued friendly relations with him. Apparently he possessed a humanity and an understanding that counterbalanced his frequent boorishness. In the romantic realm he presented a special problem. Early in life he suffered a glandular disturbance, which made of him sexually a virtual neutral. This accounts for his strange relations with women. He was constantly "in love," but only by a sort of mental straining. As Mr. Adams says, "His advances did not go beyond a handshake," and "One of his women friends observed that if Aleck ever did marry, it would be to have someone to talk to in bed."

II

To most people he gave the impression that he was full of the zest for living, but actually he was generally unhappy: "I have never in my most buoyant moments quite admitted that this business of living was worth the candle." He was always lonely, and the prospect of eating any meal alone filled him with foreboding. His own estimate of his moral character was of the lowest: "I have on my conscience certain sins of omission which the years do not efface and for which I expect to pay in hell. They were the

results of indolence, contemptible cowardice and blackhearted selfishness."

As for his professional achievements, the amazing fact is that the man who had so much influence in large areas of the literary world had very little of his own to show of any enduring merit. As a reporter he was but a journeyman, and frequently not even that. As a dramatic critic, he was mediocre but not so poor as some have said. It is true that he thought *Abie's Irish Rose* was a great play, and that he said Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* was "head and shoulders above anything written for our [American] stage." But he knew theatrical history, he wrote acceptably and often graciously, and he had integrity.

As a judge of literary works, he was nearly always offensive to men and women of good taste. In fact, he had hardly any judgment at all. He called Evelyn Waugh's *A Handful of Dust* "the finest novel in a century"; he pronounced Walt Disney's *Dumbo* "the best achievement yet reached in the Seven Arts since the first white man landed on this continent"; and he saw in Newton D. Baker's writings "the best prose style of any living American." Of Galsworthy, Hardy, Conrad, Meredith, Henry James, Addison, Steele and other authors of their stature he had almost nothing to say. If he read them, they very likely made little impression on him. And as for poetry, his notion of good, moving verse was the cheap, vulgar jingling of Dorothy Parker. He rated it higher

than all the poetical works of Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne and Poe.

His own "writings" were either collections of his dramatic pieces or of his radio anecdotes or inferior anthologies — *Shouts and Murmurs*, *While Rome Burns*, *Woollcott's Reader*, *Woollcott's Second Reader*. This represents the bulk of his literary output. As Mr. Adams says, "He never, in the precise sense of the term, *wrote* any book." His sole effort in the realm of creative writing was a single short story — a murder-mystery piece — which, according to Mr. Adams was "just too dull and inept" for any magazine to accept even though Woollcott at the time "was one of the highest paid writers in the world."

III

Was Woollcott, then, wholly a fraud? He was not. Despite his pontifical airs, he did not pretend to be a great dramatic or literary critic and he certainly had no illusions about his own literary skill: "I have never written anything and never will write anything that will live after me." His exuberance for sentimental trash was probably the result of his yearning for some comfort in a life that gave him so much pain. There was nothing in his own "patchwork philosophy that is of any use to me." And being a person of limited spiritual resources he found his solace in the superficially soothing, that is, the sentimental. Thus he got from quiet, sweet novels about old

ladies and absent-minded school-masters what a more mature man could get only from, say, *Jude the Obscure* or *War and Peace*.

He was not a man of profound feelings, but such feelings as he had were honest and intense. His letter about the death of William Duncan Saunders, a young son of a friend, rings with an emotion that is almost overwhelming in its patent sincerity.

Woollcott also had deep respect for professional craftsmanship and integrity. As an editor he knew the difference between editing and interfering; as a critic he insisted on speaking his own mind; and though he liked money and the comforts it makes possible, there was some money he would not accept under any conditions. When Hollywood placed a bag of gold in front of him, he said, "When I take up street-walking, the street will be Broadway, not Hollywood Boulevard."

Clearly Woollcott had his virtues. Unfortunately, the first thing he wanted most to be — a great writer — he never was, and the second thing he wanted most to be — a great critic — he also never was. What, then, was he? He was a newspaper man, possessed of an uncanny instinct for what the public wants in the way of reading. As Mr. Adams says, "People are sentimental; he gave them sentiment to the verge of bathos and sometimes beyond it. People love dogs. There was always a dog in the Woollcott memorabilia. People thrill to ghosts, mysteries, murders, crimes; Woollcott

can wallow in blood until the sanguine hue tinges his ink. The public is interested in prominent personalities. Woolcott deals lavishly and intimately with them, nearly always in the first and second person." And Woolcott was the huge success he was

in supplying the public's wants because to a very large extent he was the quintessence of the public, feeling its every lowly emotion, dreading its every dread, sharing its every exultation, and following its every tear with one and sometimes two of his own.

THE CHECK LIST

THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED PHILISTINES And Other Papers, by James T. Farrell. \$2.75. *Vanguard*. This is a collection of Mr. Farrell's critical essays over the past fifteen years. Among the writers and subjects he discusses are the short story, Chekhov, Hemingway, Dreiser, "How Studs Lonigan Was Written," "The Language of Hollywood," James Joyce, and "The Frightened Philistines" — the last including such writers as Van Wyck Brooks, Archibald MacLeish, and J. Donald Adams. His onslaught upon them forms the subject of his leading essay and apparently sets forth his basic literary point of view. What Mr. Farrell is trying to say is very difficult to make out, for he writes so dreadfully. He seems to object to the aforementioned critics because they have questioned the value of so much dull and unreadable realism in contemporary fiction and have pleaded for greater emphasis on the more positive aspects in American life. Mr. Farrell calls critics who say such things "ideological policemen, with a literary star on your blue coats" — whatever that means. The other essays in the book make little more sense than the title one. The chapters on Hemingway, Chekhov and Joyce seem to be about three other people. In his essay on Dreiser, Mr. Farrell offers this strange analysis: "Dreiser obviously concentrates on details rather than on style. . . . Beauty, tragedy, pathos, rawness, sentimentality,

clichés — all are smelted together. In connection with his work, one can use the word 'forged'; he wrote his novels as if he were 'forging' images of American life."

TOM PAINE: AMERICA'S GODFATHER, by W. E. Woodward. \$3.50. *Dutton*. In this highly readable and thoroughly documented biography Mr. Woodward comes to the defense of the celebrated Revolutionary figure who has lately, in a feeble but popular fictional study, been charged with sloppiness of dress, excessive drinking and general irresponsibility. Mr. Woodward proves that Paine was a very industrious, honorable and highly responsible man, who in his personal habits was in every way respectable. Further, he shows that Paine did at least as much for the American Revolution as any other individual, and that at the time of his death "he had accomplished more for human freedom, for the abolition of physical and mental slavery, and for the brotherhood of mankind than any other American then living." Altogether, a first-rate book, easily among the best in its field. There are many good illustrations.

TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE, by Tikhon Polnar. \$2.75. *Norton*. The strange relationship between Tolstoy and his wife has been the subject of much

(Continued on page 253)

THE OPEN FORUM

THE LEGION OF DECENCY

SIR: I was delighted to find Russell Whelan's article, "The Legion of Decency," in the June issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. I must confess it startled me that you dare face an organized bloc of twenty million people who seem to stand as a very strong and united minority in our midst. I disapprove of the Legion of Decency — not in intent, but in its petty tyranny. I cannot understand why it cannot function equally well by merely stating to its own congregation that it may or may not see a certain picture. I see no justifiable reason for its deciding what I, as a Protestant, may or may not see. Couldn't we prevail by letter and word upon the Legion of Decency to withdraw its Board of Dictators and let the priests instruct their congregations on the basis of their own moral judgment of a picture?

MRS. WILLIAM BOSWELL ADAMS
Denver, Colo.

SIR: I think there is a slight fallacy in the reasoning of Russell Whelan when he states in his article, "The Legion of Decency," that Catholics are presuming to say what the *general public* is not to see in the way of pictures. It is only presuming to say what *Catholics* are not to see — and Catholics do not have to take the pledge to boycott banned movies; they do so voluntarily and are glad to do so. If the producers want to do without Catholic patronage, they can ignore the League's decision. If they do not want to risk the loss of Catholic patronage, it is up to them to justify themselves. The indignant citizens who feel they cannot possibly abide by a "Catholic" decision can always organize their own representative group. What's to prevent them? The Legion of Decency fills a real need — and since no others are forthcoming, Catholics are more or less forced to jump into the breach.

HILDA MARLIN
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Almost invariably, *MERCURY* articles are a pleasure to read because, while one may disagree with the facts presented or with the deductions drawn from them, there is some semblance of a

cogent argument. However, "The Legion of Decency" by Russell Whelan in the June issue, is an exception. Mr. Whelan rather peevishly points out that the Legion of Decency formally represents a minority of the population and pouts about the fact that the rest of our people are being forced to submit to this censorship. Then he goes on to give the history of its origin and admits that there was a real majority feeling for the need of cleaning up this medium of entertainment. He mentions that the industry drew up a code, presumably in response to this broad demand, and that the requirements of the Legion fit this almost exactly. He admits, in other words, that the aims of this organization and those of the vast majority of the population are identical, but goes on to say — a little wistfully, it seems — that perhaps the will of the people would have been frustrated during change-over from silent to sound moving pictures, if there had not been a guardian to remind the producers of their pledge.

Even if all of the above were not so, if the Legion of Decency represented something that was entirely confined to the Catholics, it is hard to understand the purpose of this article. Does Mr. Whelan wish to deny this minority a spiritual guidance it desires? Does he want someone outside their Church to look after their morals and beliefs? Because producers have no higher motivation than making money and are afraid to offend a certain part of our population, are we to prevent Catholics from living up to their convictions?

Mr. Whelan's closing remarks, doubting the effect of pictures which make appealing things that are intrinsically wrong, contradict the entire history of education and psychology, especially where children are concerned.

ROBERT J. FISCHER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: In the June issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, I read an interesting article by Russell Whelan on the Legion of Decency. It was a masterpiece of false praise and insinuation. Mr. Whelan began by praising the League for its moral influence. Later he implied that the

organization was used by a minority for its own selfish purposes. At present there is good reason for keeping many moving pictures from the public. I refer particularly to the venereal disease pictures, the distribution of which Mr. Whelan advocates to the general public. It is my opinion that those pictures, shown to the armed forces, were all that is rotten and despicable. They have become the objects of barracks-room humor in its smuttiest form.

To any group who would exert pressure to clean up the theatre, my heartiest approval.

JAMES HAYES, *U. S. Navy.*

Fayetteville, Mo.

CROOKS AND THE COPS

SIR: I have just finished reading the article entitled, "Crooks Who Crack To The Cops," by Joseph F. Fishman in your June 1945 issue. In fairness to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, I cannot forego the desire to correct some of the misstatements Mr. Fishman so smugly makes with regard to the Bureau's methods of handling informants. It so happens that until September 1945 (prior to my resignation) I was a special agent of the FBI. Therefore, I feel fully qualified to offer you these corrections.

First of all, Mr. Fishman appears to have been a member of the forerunner of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which was called the Bureau of Investigation. I base this upon Mr. Fishman's own statement with regard to special agents, in which he says, "They were not called G-men in those days." I also base it on the fact that no such tactics as Mr. Fishman describes have ever been permitted under the directorship of Mr. John Edgar Hoover.

Mr. Fishman's greatest misstatement occurs in his description of how a special agent picked up a man on a minor charge, then got another agent to act as hearing magistrate, who thereafter held the man in high bail. As Mr. Fishman further describes it, the first agent then interceded for the man, whereupon the "judge" released him without bail. The man was so elated and felt so obligated that he became an informant for the first agent, helping him break a case involving bankruptcy swindlers.

Believe me, sir, if anything of this kind had happened during Mr. Hoover's directorship, both agents would have been dishonorably dismissed from the service of the Bureau immediately. If, on the other hand, there is any truth to Mr. Fishman's statements, I think it should be made clear that the handling of informants with such a method prevailed in the days before Mr. Hoover

took over in 1924. During my tenure of office as a special agent of the FBI, I had occasion to investigate or to come into direct contact with almost every type of Federal violation over which the Bureau has primary investigative jurisdiction. Never, during this time, did I see a violator offered even the slightest promise of immunity in return for any information he cared to give. Do you know why crooks "sing"? It is because they soon realize that their violation has been so carefully investigated that they are only too anxious to co-operate in the *hope* that their co-operation will come to the attention of the judge who passes sentence.

Special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation receive their appointments only after a most painstaking investigation of their background and character has revealed the fact that they are gentlemen of the highest integrity. Any agent who, during the course of performance of his duties as such, forgets to handle himself as a gentleman — that is, unless the subject invites other action — would receive administrative action he would long remember. And to this, I'd like to add the thought that special agents are never known to make promises to prisoners which they cannot keep.

In fairness to the magnificent work of the Bureau, Mr. Hoover and the thousands of special agents who are doing such a wonderful wartime job, I'd sincerely appreciate your publishing this letter in the hope that anyone misled by Mr. Fishman's statements may be set straight.

MARX S. KAUFMAN

New York City.

SIR: I acknowledge receipt of Mr. Marx S. Kaufman's letter, wherein he takes exception to some of the statements in my article.

In his first paragraph Mr. Kaufman, who states later in the letter that he was a member of the FBI, says, "I cannot forego the desire to correct some of the misstatements Mr. Fishman so smugly makes with regard to the Bureau's methods of handling informants." The misstatements here are those, and those alone, with which Mr. Kaufman charges me. Every single fact stated in that article is true. I naturally cannot give the names and locations of the agents concerned, but I knew them all intimately for years and spent much time with them when I happened to be in the part of the country where they were assigned. Secondly, I don't know what Mr. Kaufman means by "so smugly makes." I was not trying to be smug. What I was trying to do was to present a realistic picture of the stool-

pigeon system. And I challenge Mr. Kaufman to deny that such a system is in use, not only by every police department in the United States, but by the FBI as well.

As to the agent acting as judge and trying a man, I was present when it happened. I did not say it occurred during Mr. Hoover's administration. It occurred during the administration of Stanley W. Finch, who organized the Bureau of Investigation, whose original idea it was, and who was the first man in America to use college men and lawyers as detectives. I was an assistant to Mr. Finch when he organized the Bureau, and when the first batch of men were turned over to him by another department. They were the old-style detectives, and Finch speedily got rid of them and replaced them with college men and lawyers.

No one in the world has more respect for Mr. Hoover than I have. I think he is an outstandingly brilliant man, doing an outstanding piece of work which few men in the country could duplicate. Years ago, after Mr. Hoover had been in office a comparatively short time, I wrote an article on the wide prevalence of kidnaping in the United States for the *Washington Post*. In it I referred to the magnificent work the FBI was doing, particularly in these "snatch" cases, and how superior its job was to that of the average police department. A day or two later, I received a letter of appreciation from Mr. Hoover. During the five years I was lecturing on "Crime and Prison Life in America" at the New School for Social Research, and later at Hunter College, I repeatedly referred to him as a shining example of what could be done in crime detection.

But all this does not alter the fact that I know detectives. Mr. Kaufman cannot convince me that they do not use innumerable tricks which are not strictly "according to Hoyle" in order to obtain evidence. Many of these are standard, others are employed as occasion demands. And they achieve results.

I do not criticize them for this. I think they are right, provided they use a decent amount of judgment and do not violate an innocent person's privacy or endeavor to "frame" an innocent individual — which I have never known any FBI man to do either during or after Mr. Finch's tenure. More than a quarter of a century of experience in dealing with innumerable criminals convinces me that peace officers must meet deceit with deceit and guile with guile, or go down in the constant war being waged between these two forces. I challenge Mr. Kaufman to deny this.

Special agents during my time in the Bureau of Investigation — and undoubtedly still — made

daily reports of their work. But is Mr. Kaufman naïve enough to think that they include in such reports the details of *how* they obtained certain information — particularly when they know their chief might frown on their methods? And does he think that, when they can obtain vital information by a little "off-color" work, they are going to pass up the opportunity because they are too high-minded to stoop to such a thing? Well, if he does, I don't. I know too many hundreds and hundreds of instances where the opposite is true.

To sum up, what Mr. Kaufman's letter does is to defend something which hasn't been attacked. He evidently believes that my purpose was to criticize the work of the FBI. Since this was not my aim, I do not feel impelled to "defend" myself. But don't let him tell me that detectives — either of the FBI or any other police organization — are sweet little Lord Fauntleroy's who adhere rigidly to copybook maxims in the obtaining of evidence, and scorn to deviate in the slightest degree from the most upright and honorable methods in dealing with crooks. When he does, I feel like pursuing the policy of the man in the old joke: that is, "don't say nawthin'; jes' laugh."

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

New York City.

THE MAY ISSUE

SIR: I purchased a copy of your May issue at a newsstand to read the article, "Senator Ball of Minnesota," by Roscoe Drummond, and I write to thank you for much more good reading than I paid for. Drummond's article is done in his usual dignified but entertaining style and has the value of being more than a concise biography and character description. Using the Senator as a symbol, Drummond gives us, I believe, a substantially true statement of issues and undercurrents that will make imperious demands on our thinking for many years.

Emery Reves' article, "The New League and the Next War," typical of a certain school of thought, is an invitation to adventurous thinking, and contains much truth; but the author commits two errors. His analysis of the causes of war does not touch the causes of war; it is a correct identification of the causes of peace. A man does not commit burglary because no policeman is in the neighborhood, but the presence of a policeman will prevent his committing burglary. The author's second error lies in his implication that the higher sovereignty must be expressed by a super-government. Without aid of a policeman, my neighbor and I — or even my dog —

can create enough fear in the mind of a prospective burglar to prevent him from burglarizing. With human nature what it is, the key to peace, and the only key to peace, is fear.

Andre Visson's article, "The Big Three in the Near East," is a document of value because of its rather remarkable assembly of facts.

My comments in the preceding paragraphs are only a prologue for the presentation of that which really motivated the writing of this letter. I wish to commend you heartily for your forthrightness in publishing William Henry Chamberlin's article, "W. L. White and His Critics," and likewise to commend Mr. Chamberlin for the simple, two-fisted honesty that enabled him to produce such a statement.

It strikes my mind as strange that I should be spending time from a busy day to compliment a writer for simple honesty. But emotionalism is so rampant in our present world, probably resulting largely from "scientific" propaganda, organized mass thinking (if it can be so called), the extension by radio and other means of communication of the power of incitement, the materialism engendered by war, the setting of class against class, party against party, and race against race, and the superficiality of education, that the capacity of being honest with one's self — a virtue sometimes called "intellectual honesty" — is no longer common and, even among pompous people, has become worthy to be singled out for special mention.

WILLIAM J. PALMER
Judge of the Superior Court.

Los Angeles, Calif.

DOROTHEA DIX

SIR: I want to express my appreciation for Stewart Holbrook's article, "The Forgotten Miss Dix," in the May *MERCURY*, and to laud your fine spirit and courage in publishing it. It is one of the mysteries of human nature as to why the victims of mental ills are forsaken, ostracized and maltreated. Heroic Miss Dix brought about the building of hospitals and the recognition of the insane as human beings — afflicted human beings. What is most needed now is to humanize conditions inside our mental hospitals.

JOHN B. ERIT

New York City.

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

SIR: In "The English Character" in the April issue, J. Frank Dobie has given us an earnest discourse, with the spirit of the true Anglophile.

However, the author has surveyed the English character from the best vantage point. There are few more pleasant places to live in England than the university towns of Cambridge and Oxford; the "air of intellectual freedom" pervades the very atmosphere of such seats of learning, and there is little of the moral hypocrisy and physical squalor of the industrial cities. Mr. Dobie would perhaps have a more fluid viewpoint, had he languished in a Lancashire cotton-mill town, a bleak steel town in Yorkshire, or one of the coal-mining valleys of Wales. It is in such places that the greater part of Britain's population lives. When the smoke and grime of the work day is over, there is little thought and less chance for "individualism" and "civilization" in the unrelenting rows of squat houses — as alike, even to the aspidistra plant wilting in the front "sitting room," as any product of the mass-production line.

The factor of class distinction, which is so much a part of an Englishman's life, is ignored. Accent and voice inflection reveal the "class" when two people are introduced. And if one drops an occasional "h" where there should be an "h," the person is automatically classified as "common." Mr. Dobie tells of meeting American sergeants who apologize for not being officers; then he goes on to add that a British NCO would never apologize for his rank. I cannot call this "candidness" or "naturalness" as does the author; it springs purely from an ingrained "class distinction." Rarely in Britain does one see two men from the same social and economic strata rise from it, or sink beneath it; officers are still drawn largely from the "officer class," which means a public school (in the exclusive British sense), a university and all the social accoutrements to boot. In the U. S. Army one often encounters NCO's of better education and better economic and social station than their officers. The British do not live under a system of archaic social feudalism, but there is no doubt that they "accept" their lot — and that means they "accept" whatever "class" they happen to have been born to, its manner of speech, education and obligations.

It is all very well to talk of the "individualism and casualness" of a crowd watching the Oxford-Cambridge rugby football game, but does Mr. Dobie realize that apart from cricket at Lords, there is no more fashionable sporting event than the annual Oxford-Cambridge match? The crowd, even in the bleachers, is of the "best class." Had the author witnessed a soccer football game between such clubs as Arsenal and Man-

chester United, he would have been one of a crowd of 50,000 watching the match with a vociferousness far from casual. Let it be pointed out that soccer football has the mass appeal in the British Isles that baseball does in our own country.

So much for my criticism of Mr. Dobie's article. On many points I must agree with him. Like him, I have occasionally found in Britain those rare moments of harmony and peace. Never in the cities, but only in such places as the enchanting Lake District, the history-steeped meadows of Warwickshire, on the Downs or in the Highlands. There I saw people who were "natural" and "casual" and "civilized" as did Mr. Dobie, but our observer's pedestal was the same — what, after all, is more lovely than the River Cam, flowing so lazily past the mellow colleges of Cambridge?

All who have watched Britain these many long and hard war years must be full of admiration for such a nation. The spirit and grit of these people, during the Stygian days and nights in 1940 and 1941 particularly, will forever evoke the blessings of the world. There, on immortal exhibition, lies the true "English character."

S/SGT. RALPH L. FREEMAN

Miami, Fla.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSLATOR

SIR: In Max Nomad's article, "The Way of the Translator," which appeared in your March issue, the author says that "camel" in Matthew 19: 24, Mark 10: 25, and Luke 18: 25 should be "cable" — that "camel" is a mistranslation from the original Greek into the Latin, and from thence into all the languages of the world. This statement is in error, so I am offering some of the facts.

First of all, it should be noted that translations of Scripture from the Latin are seldom made. Reference is to Jerome's translation, commonly called the Vulgate. It is kept in the Vatican at Rome, and those of the Protestant faith are not allowed to use it.

Then, with regard to the extant popular versions of the English Bible:

The Authorized Version, commonly called the King James Version, was set forth in 1611, "translated out of the original Greek and with the former translations diligently compared and revised." It was, in fact, translated from the *Textus Receptus*, the best and most authoritative Greek text of that time.

Subsequently manuscript discoveries made it possible to produce a better version in 1881, the

Revised Version, "being the version set forth in A.D. 1611, compared with the most ancient authorities and revised." The American edition of this version was published in 1900. In this latter, as well as in the Authorized, the English of all three passages is "camel," not "cable."

Furthermore, in the Greek texts of Eberhard Nestle and Alexander Souter, the word in all these passages is "kamelos" (camel) not "kamilos" (cable). No variant reading is noted for any of them in the editions I have.

Only in Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament have I found anything about *kamilos*. On page 323, it says that *kamilos* is the reading of certain manuscripts in Matthew 19: 24 and Luke 18: 25. Reference is to Tischendorf's Greek text, *Editio Octava Critica Major*, (Leipzig 1869-1872).

This last work was obviously published before any of the above-mentioned revisions (1881, 1900) or Greek texts (the date in my Nestle is 1934; in Souter, 1910); yet none of these later authorities seems to have attached any weight to the *kamilos* reading. All of them ignore it except Thayer who merely notes it. This attests its unimportance.

It seems to me that this is evidence enough to prove that the correct Greek is indeed *kamelos* (camel) and not *kamilos* (cable). It all adds up to the fact that it is an utter impossibility for anyone who is trusting in his riches to gain any admittance whatsoever into Heaven.

WINSLOW A. COLLINS
Bible Presbyterian Church

Wilmington, Del.

SIR: Since reading Max Nomad's very readable article, I have checked with a number of people on the matter of the Needle's Eye.

As a child I listened perforce every Sunday to a Midwestern minister of the Presbyterian faith who, locally at least, ranked as a scholar in Greek and Latin.

One of his best sermons had to do with the small gate in each city wall, known as the Needle's Eye, through which an unloaded camel might squeeze but a loaded camel could not — whereby the comparison with the man burdened with riches entering the Kingdom of Heaven. Everyone I've told about Mr. Nomad's story, has confirmed my recollection of the little gate in the wall. It is possible that this version is known to the author.

SHIRLEY C. HULSE

Bedford, Pa.

SIR: In answer to Shirley C. Hulse's letter, I checked the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (Eleventh Edition, Vol. V, p. 103) where I found the following lines: "The Biblical expression—'it is easier for a camel etc.'—is sometimes explained by saying that the 'needle's eye' means the small gate which is opened in the great gate of a city, when the latter is closed for the night; but recent criticism (e.g., *Post in Hastings' Dictionary* under 'camel') throws doubt on this explanation, and assumes that the more violent hyperbole is intended. There is a various reading *kamilos* (cable) for *kamelos* (camel), but Cheyne, in the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*, rejects this."

MAX NOMAD

New York City.

SIR: Reading the March article, "The Way of the Translator," inspired me to my first letter to an editor. Perhaps it will add a pittance to the useful knowledge of your readers.

The popular belief that, when in the mood, Hitler chewed up a carpet or two, is based on one of those translation "bulls" which Max Nomad discusses. In German a *Teppichfresser* (literally "carpet-eater") is one who wears out the carpet by pacing back and forth. To indicate that he spent his time pondering weighty problems, German propagandists once applied this name to Hitler. They knew not what they did, for clever foreign journalists thumbed their dictionaries and the world was soon regaled with stories of specific instances when *Der Fuehrer* crouched on the floor and chewed a few inches off his office rug.

The prize atrocity story of the last war is due to another translation "bull." The Allies captured a German order stating that *Kadaver* found on the battlefield were not to be buried but were to be collected and sent to special rendering plants in the rear because Germany was short of fats.

The world learned with horror that the Germans were melting down corpses and using the fat obtained from them. This was not true. "Cadaver," as used in English, means any dead body, animal or human, but *Kadaver* signifies only the carcass of an animal. The Germans have a special word *Leiche* for a human corpse.

In Berlin we used to laugh at German Chamber of Commerce signs in English stating that this or that German town offered "special scope to undertakers."

They had translated *Unternehmer*, meaning "contractor," literally.

WILLIAM D. BAYLES

London, England.

JUSTICE FOR WAR CRIMINALS

SIR: I read with profound interest Sheldon Glueck's article, "Justice for War Criminals" in the March issue. While I am thoroughly in accord with the "seven points" proposed by the author, for the meting out of justice in dealing with the war criminals, I wonder whether the United Nations have not already decided and agreed upon definite conditions as to how to deal with these criminals after this war is over.

Professor Glueck seems to be of the opinion that the International Criminal Court should be established by the United Nations and the neutral nations which wish to participate in it, in order to deal with the war criminals according to law and justice. In fact, he hopes that this will be a far greater example of the reign of justice than the Permanent Court at The Hague has been.

I wonder whether the United Nations should go through this tremendously meticulous procedure, in accordance with the code of criminal law and criminology, as it is understood in a universal sense. The top criminals of this war do not deserve this carefully worked out precise and orderly procedure. The law, or, shall we say, the human law of justice (which I am sure the United Nations will use), will know how to deal with these murderers and instigators swiftly and without lengthy court procedure.

I doubt whether one should consider many individual cases, presenting them before the International Criminal Court, when a multitude of documents and facts about the wholesale murder and slaughter of populations of entire villages and towns, not speaking of the barbaric way of execution of innocent children, women and old people, is already known and amassed, and has been made public by Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, France and other countries.

Inasmuch as the article by Professor Glueck ends with "law's delays must find no place in the program," I heartily subscribe to it. But I have a feeling that the program of dealing with war criminals has already been set into motion by the United Nations, and will not proceed with as much leniency as was the case after World War I.

SINA FOSDICK

New York City.

Correction: In Roscoe Drummond's article, "Senator Ball of Minnesota," which appeared in our May 1945 issue, the statement on page 530, column 2, line 26, should have read: "Ball's missionary work . . . gave incalculable impetus to the Senate's 85 to 5 passage of the . . . Connally resolution . . ."

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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 245)

speculation and gossip, but this book, written by one who knew both of them as a friend, probably sheds more light upon it than any other. The Russian novelist apparently was a good deal of a busybody at home — offering advice on the care of children and household chores, though he knew nothing about these things. He was also moody for long stretches of time, and often seemed to care very little for his family. Yet he always insisted that he loved his wife and he was certainly devoted to their thirteen children. Madame Tolstoy slaved for him, very often unwillingly, but after he died she walked a mile every day “to her husband’s grave to decorate it with fresh flowers.” In the end she admitted that she was still mystified by him. “Yes, I lived with Lev for forty-eight years but I never really knew what kind of man he was.” The very readable translation is by Nicholas Wreden.

THE CITY IS THE PEOPLE, by Henry S. Churchill. \$3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Henry S. Churchill bases his suggestions for future urban development on a survey of cities ranging all the way from Carcassonne to Charleston and of city planners from Haussmann to Henry Wright. Few will disagree with the author’s premises: “The city plan must be the expression of the collective purpose of the people who live in it”; zoning and master plans are not ends-in-themselves — but “the means to a livable city suited to modern technologies of living”; “the art of city planning is four-dimensional, consisting of length, breadth, height and imagination.” Though lacking the Utopian spirit of Frank Lloyd Wright’s American dream in *Broadacre City* — without either the fanciful flights of Hugh Ferriss’ architectural vision or the splendid, heartless mechanism of Le Corbusier’s *Radiant City* — the co-chairman of the Committee on City Planning and Zoning presents a well-rounded and practical view of intelligent land use. There are many helpful illustrations.

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Bob Hope

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